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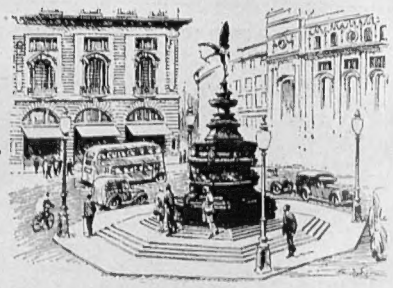

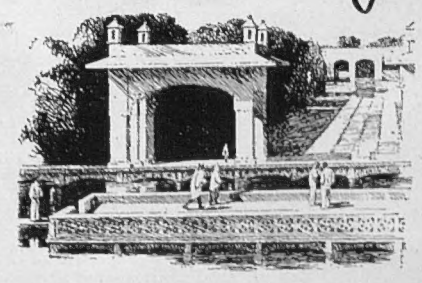

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Volume CCI No. 2622 The SPHERE, London, May 6, 1950

The SPHERE
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THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

GARTER PAGEANTRY AT WINDSOR — THE SCENE OF SPLENDOUR AS THE KING AND QUEEN LEFT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER ATTENDING THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER: Flanking the steps was a guard of honour of the Household Cavalry, and facing the steps were Yeomen of the Guard. Members of the College of Heralds and Knights of the Order of the Garter stood bareheaded as their Majesties walked to their car

The annual service of the Most Noble Order of the Garter was made additionally splendid this year by a brief spell of bright sunshine in the midst of wintry weather, and there were vast crowds within the precincts of Windsor Castle to see the colourful procession as the King, as Sovereign of the Order, the Queen, the Knights Companions and the Officers of the Order walked in procession to St. George's Chapel, passing through the Norman Gateway, the Winchester Tower, the Middle and Lower Wards of the Castle to the West Door of the Chapel, where, upon the King's arrival, a flourish of trumpets was sounded. After the service the King and Queen journeyed back to the Castle by car and entertained the knights and their ladies at a luncheon in the Waterloo Chamber. Further pictures of the Windsor ceremonies will be found on pages 188/89 of this issue of *The Sphere*.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Dissolution of Parliament.

—The prerogative of the Crown to dissolve Parliament, as also the lack of any "right" on the side of a Premier to "demand" its exercise, is undoubtedly an important subject to-day for restatement, and in letters to *The Times* Lord Simon and Mr. Roger Fulford have so restated it. Mr. Fulford, writing from Lancashire, no doubt quoted from my *Personal Memoir of King George V*, in which the cited extract in question from the King's Private Diary (in the Windsor archives) was set out in full. It may be worth while to give it in full. It is under date November 12, 1923: "At 3.30 the Premier [Mr. Baldwin] came to see me and asked me to dissolve Parliament. I deprecated it because of the disturbed state of Europe and because the country is quiet, except for the unemployment, but he said he had committed himself and is prepared to stand or fall on Tariff Reform, and so reluctantly I had to give my consent." Mr. Baldwin had decided that this Tariff Reform policy required a "people's mandate" for the Government, and accordingly he preferred a request to the King, which he had no right to prefer on a party issue. In the election which followed in December, the Government lost its majority, the figures being: Conservatives, 258; Labour, 191; Liberals, 156. The King was in a difficulty. Another election was out of the question. He asked the Premier therefore not to resign, but to meet Parliament and await events. Parliament met on January 15, 1924, and a week later Mr. Baldwin was heavily defeated and Mr. MacDonald came in with the first Labour Government.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER—THE PRIME MINISTER MAKING HIS SPEECH AT BURLINGTON HOUSE AT WHICH HE WAS THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKER: The Premier said that whatever might be the divisions of opinion between parties in this country they did not include views on art. There was so far as he knew no specific Conservative, Liberal or Labour art. "We are all completely free to hold what views we choose on art without fear of the Whip being withdrawn from us for breaking away from the party line. This state of affairs, he stressed, did not exist everywhere, and in the lands behind the Iron Curtain the practitioner in the arts and sciences must first and foremost be a good Marxist-Leninist." Mr. Robert Birley, headmaster of Eton, gave the toast of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who described himself "as an unknown quantity as an Academician," replied to the toast

The Tax on Petrol.

—It is easy to understand the Opposition's decision to vote against the petrol tax. Conservative and Liberal members of northern constituencies must by now be well aware of the effect of the news on their constituents. This Government has been called a Government of cockneys. It has been said that few of them can ever have left the streets of cities or the roads of suburbs. You have to travel a little in the wider spaces of the kingdom (and there are few "built-up areas" in the Highlands) to understand the difference in the common idea of distance in Inverness-shire and Surrey. In the former you must add a nought after the unit which signifies a "short run." Two miles in Surrey is often the equivalent of twenty in Inverness, but the need to do the journey is no less urgent in the north and the tax is the same wherever you are. If the Government is not liable to lose a very large number of supporters in the open spaces as a result of this failure to appreciate a rather obvious fact, it will surprise me after reading my morning mail from the north. We have no reason to suppose that the Chancellor's sermons and pious poems on the theme of this happy country have yet checked the voter's habit of spelling and pronouncing politics as "pockets."

The Curse of Party Government.

— Western Democracy and party Government are two institutions which we have come to regard as admirable in theory and in piping times of peace, but clumsy and dangerous in acute crises, when deeds are of more importance than words. Words, moreover, have ceased to be sweet. They are usually vehicles to express hatred, jealousy and suspicion, and certainly the party system working in Britain to-day tends to multiply and acerbate words and to reduce and water-down essential action. It is remarkable how the most patient and fairminded journals and individuals are coming round to this opinion. Parliament suddenly reveals itself in all its futility. The Government is shown up in its impotency. The shadow of the next election hangs over the doings of both, the sparring for position, the hedging, the calculated verbiage. We are leaderless men in a time of fearful crisis. We are heading we know not where. No one in authority dares to strike out for discipline at home or order for the future. The politicians have gone a-wooing and are in the dither which wooing always brings. How much longer are we to endure this stalemate and ca' canny? How much more of the rope's end is left to us? There is undiscipline triumphant everywhere. Will and organisation invariably triumph over inertia and lack of authority. And so it is to-day in this crisis of civilisation that the things we hate—dictatorship and communism and the slavery of the individual—gain all the victories over the flabby generalship of the rabbles of democracy. We are leaderless men, and we are just discovering the truth and the causes of it, at home and abroad.

"Unkindest Cut of All?"

—A subject for a polite drawing-room discussion might be: Which century in history was the most brutal and reckless in the choice of words, in criticism, invective, ultimatums, political and personal attacks in Parliament and Press. . . . There would be much to be said for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There would be cited the lampooners, the Press attacks on the Monarchy and on political opponents, brutal literary criticism, outrageous attacks in Parliament. The twentieth century came in on a gentler note. For a time brutality in words seemed to be out-moded. But the tendency was short-lived. Young Lloyd George and the Irish protagonists soon ended the armistice, and then came the wars and the Hitlers and the Russians; and to-day I should say that nothing survives of that new gentility but a softening down of literary criticism, and I dare say that is due less to spiritual than to material considerations. The twentieth century looks like gaining the blue ribbon for brutality. Coshing-in has become the easy way of cashing-in, in word and deed. The Russians are past-masters of diplomatic brutality. Our own Socialist Government has provided some "bonny fighters" in the political dog-fight at home. And even the amateurs are beginning to carry the cold war recklessly across the Empire with the fire and sword of words, hastily grouped. Lord Tennyson was a "bonny fighter" on the cricket field. I can still recall how, with a damaged hand and a not faultless 60-odd, he dragged England at Lord's from shameful humiliation at the hands of Australia, *consule* Armstrong. He preferred to pull, but he knew how to cut. But I think his unkindest cut of all is made in his last innings on *Sticky Wickets* (12s. 6d. Christopher Johnson), wherein he strips the immortal Don Bradman of his halo and wings and dresses him up to play a part on quite another kind of pitch. If this doesn't carry the cold war down-under, on the eve of another Test series, the author's grandfather never wrote *Break, break, break*. But the "facts behind the headlines" are quite unknown to me, for I have not even seen a copy of Lord Tennyson's book, and if I had, those facts would not be disclosed to me. There are usually two sides to every quarrel—and I believe Lord Tennyson has paid a handsome tribute to the Don's cricket. I merely comment on the fact that the immortal Bradman has been called an ill-mannered little man and that a typhoon has blown up in the cricket tea-pot. Words, words; how many of those spilt help to drown humanity in hot hate and cold war, how few by comparison contribute to our peace!

First Snow of Winter!

—On April 25, we woke up to "the first snow of winter." But *which* winter is another story. Everything visible lay under a mantle of snow, from the distant downs to the pink cherry blossom and tulips on the lawns. There were curious effects when a pale sun began to thaw the snow. The pink cherries showing against the dazzlingly white hills and the dark trunks of the snow-laden firs gave an effect of a Swiss tourist poster, very rare in England. Scarlet tulips were parti-coloured, with white night-caps above and vivid red below, and in the valley it was difficult during the rapid thaw to tell which trees were geans and flowering white cherries and which were snow-laden birch and chestnut. Very pretty and interesting, and so on, for those who like these "May Day revels." I don't. Nor do the West Indians think it fun to play cricket on snowfields and with only a "token" rum-ration. White flannels under such conditions make cricketers flannelled fools (April fools) indeed, and an issue of red flannel seems desirable if the batsman is not to be hustled out by unfair devices (on the part of the fielders) of protective colouring. Which *isn't cricket*. But when we woke on April 26, joking was frozen out of us: 8 ins. of solid-frozen snow had flattened shrubs, trees, plants, flowers, fences, and put paid to many hopes and made havoc of the work of men's hands. Then we knew (if we needed to know) that Nature doesn't play cricket, though she enjoys a beastly form of spillikins.

Banquet or Barmecide's Feast?

—The R.A. banquet (revived last year with some unexpected fireworks) is no longer a banquet but a dinner. The expectation that it would remain a banquet of wit was not borne out last week. There were no fireworks, very little wit and quite a number of damp squibs. I do not think I was ever more disappointed by after-dinner oratory (always anathema to me, I admit) than I was by the two longest speeches, those of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Birley. The former seemed unable to get going, the latter unable to resume his seat. Headmasters have usually a great deal of advice to give—and give it *in extenso*. Premiers can usually collect a few wisecracks for lighter occasions, which can pass for wit and assure a polite laugh, but Mr. Attlee on this occasion fell short of a never very high standard of the postprandial art. No doubt, both these speakers were tired of talking. Mr. Speaker, who (being more used to listening than speaking) had not the same excuse, gave us the impression that he lacked experience of the more dangerous function. Perhaps Mr. Churchill saved the show. By the time he got on his feet I could bear no more, and had switched off. I have been asking the question for several weeks: "*Do we all talk too much?*" The Barmecide's feast of wit at Burlington House seemed to suggest that the Ayes have it.

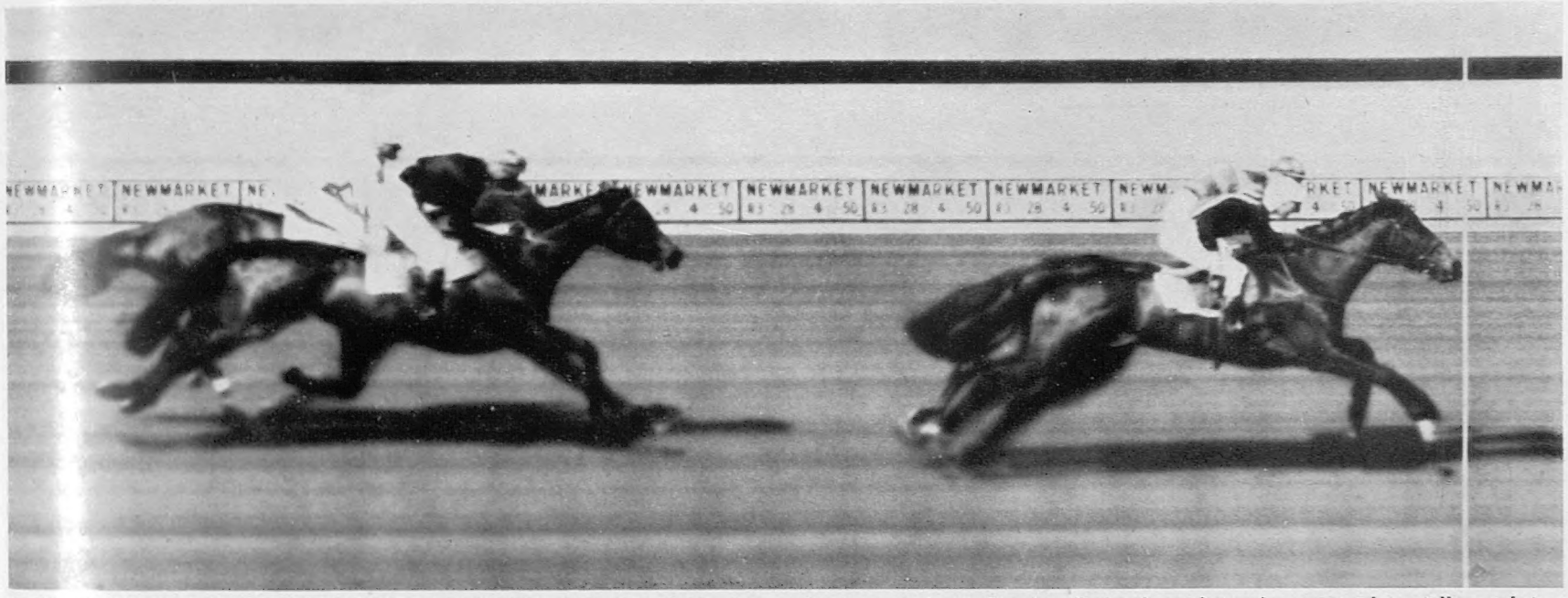
Scented Newspapers.

—This is surely a very good idea. Commercial in essence, no doubt, since the pioneer U.S. newspapers intend to scent their papers with a brand which they advertise. But a boon to the squeamish or old-fashioned reader if the chosen scent be strong and not unpleasant. I hope the idea will catch on over here. After reading the headlines and letterpress of two popular Sunday papers and one or two equally popular "dailies," I would suggest that a start might be made with one of those nice, clean-smelling deodorisers used in public conveniences. But one of our responsible newspapers has, I see, already urged the claim for garlic or chloroform, and there is something *apropos* to be said for both. I remember hearing my grandmother say to a débutante in the Edwardian reign: "Never use scent; it will probably suggest that you have *something to conceal*."

THE OLD STAGER

FOOTBALL GOES OUT WITH A FLOURISH
CRICKET COMES IN WITH A FLOOD

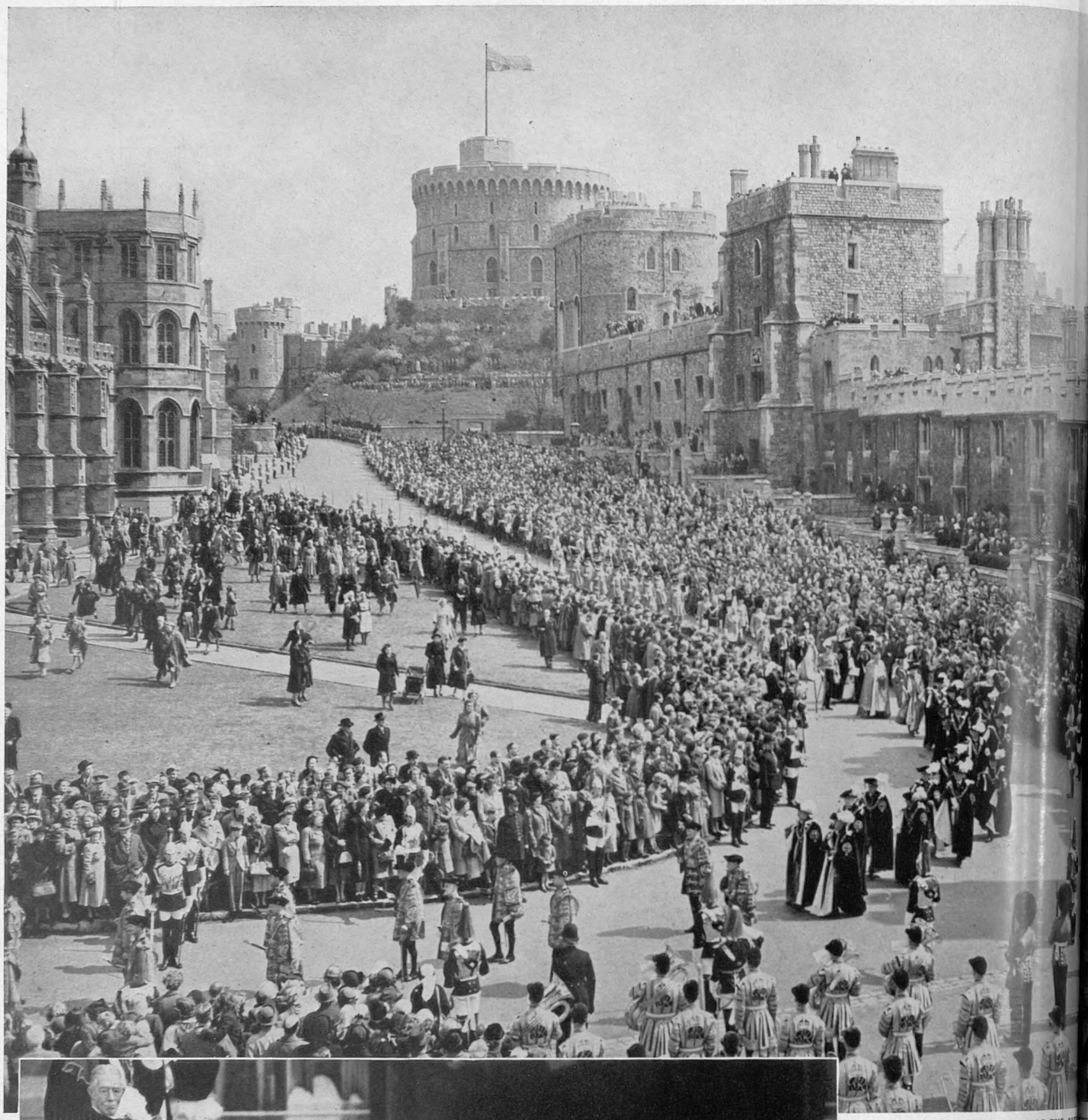
ARSENAL WIN THE F.A. CUP AT WEMBLEY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN AND A CROWD OF 100,000 : *Left*—The King presenting the Cup to Joe Mercer, the Arsenal captain, who led "The Gunners" to a 2—0 victory over Liverpool in a match of fast and brilliant football. The Queen presented the medals to both teams, and inadvertently gave Mercer a loser's medal, an error which the King rectified. *Right*—Mercer receives an affectionate pat on the back from a spectator as he leaves the Royal box. Many people had said that the Arsenal were lucky to reach the final, only having to travel a total of 7½ miles during the whole series of games, but they showed by their play that they could still produce first-class football at the end of a gruelling season of League and Cup football. The Arsenal side included Denis Compton



AT THE WINNING-POST IN THE RACE FOR THE 1,000 GUINEAS : This photo-finish picture, showing two thoroughbreds galloping in perfect unison, was taken at Newmarket as the Aga Khan's Tambara and Mr. N. P. Donaldson's Catchit tied for second place in the fillies' classic. The French filly Camaree was three lengths in front of this pair and an easy winner. Only two days before the first of the classics had also resulted in a photo-finish, when the Aga Khan's sprinter Palestine just managed to hold on to win a thrilling race from Mr. Woodward's newcomer, Prince Simon, an outstanding American-bred colt. The camera gave a short-head verdict in favour of Palestine

OLD COMRADES PARADE IN HYDE PARK : Members of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades Associations marching last Sunday to the Cavalry Memorial at Stanhope Gate, Hyde Park, where Field Marshal Lord Chetwode took the salute

ONE OF THE FEW PLACES WHERE CRICKET MADE AN AUSPICIOUS START : The first game of the season in progress on the village green at Frenchey, Gloucestershire, that same green where the great W. G. Grace was wont "to lay about him." Last Saturday all the first-class matches were washed out by rain, but by Monday the weather had cleared and prospects were distinctly brighter

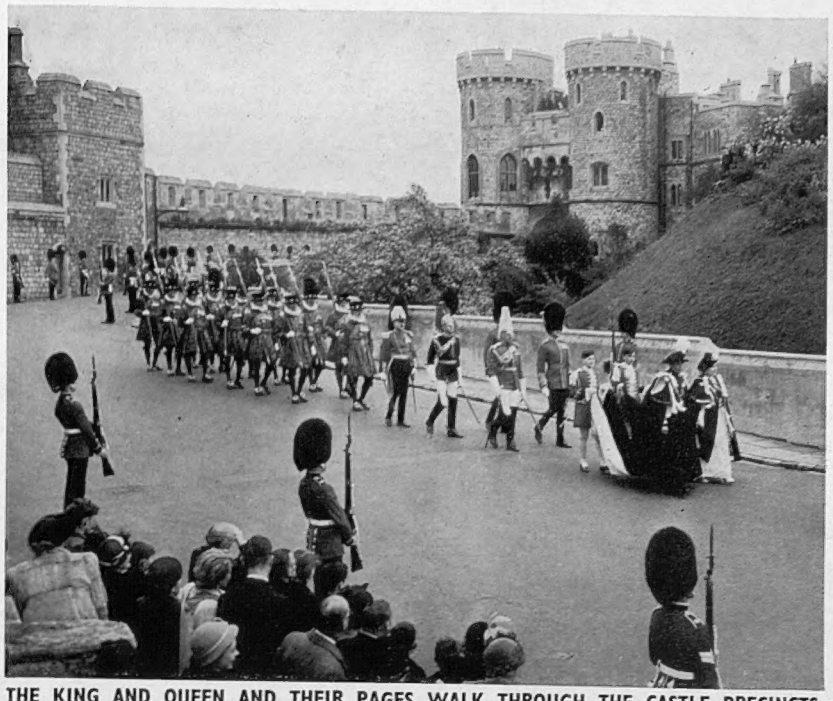


THE COLOURFUL PROCESSION OF THE GA
KNIGHTS FROM ST. GEORGE'S
THROUGH THE MIDDLE AND LO
WARDS OF WINDSOR CASTLE TO
WEST DOOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAP
The officers of arms and the heralds are
at the head of the procession followed by
Knights Companions, the Officers o
Order, in the splendour of their robes.
came the retinue of the King and Q
Some 7,000 ticket-holders gathered i
Castle precincts to watch this proce

GARTER PAGEANTRY AT WINDSO

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE ANNUAL SERVICE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL WINDSOR

On left—ON THE STEPS OF ST. GEO
Princess Margaret with the Duc
Kent, Princess Olga (sister of the D
of Kent) and the Duchess of Gl



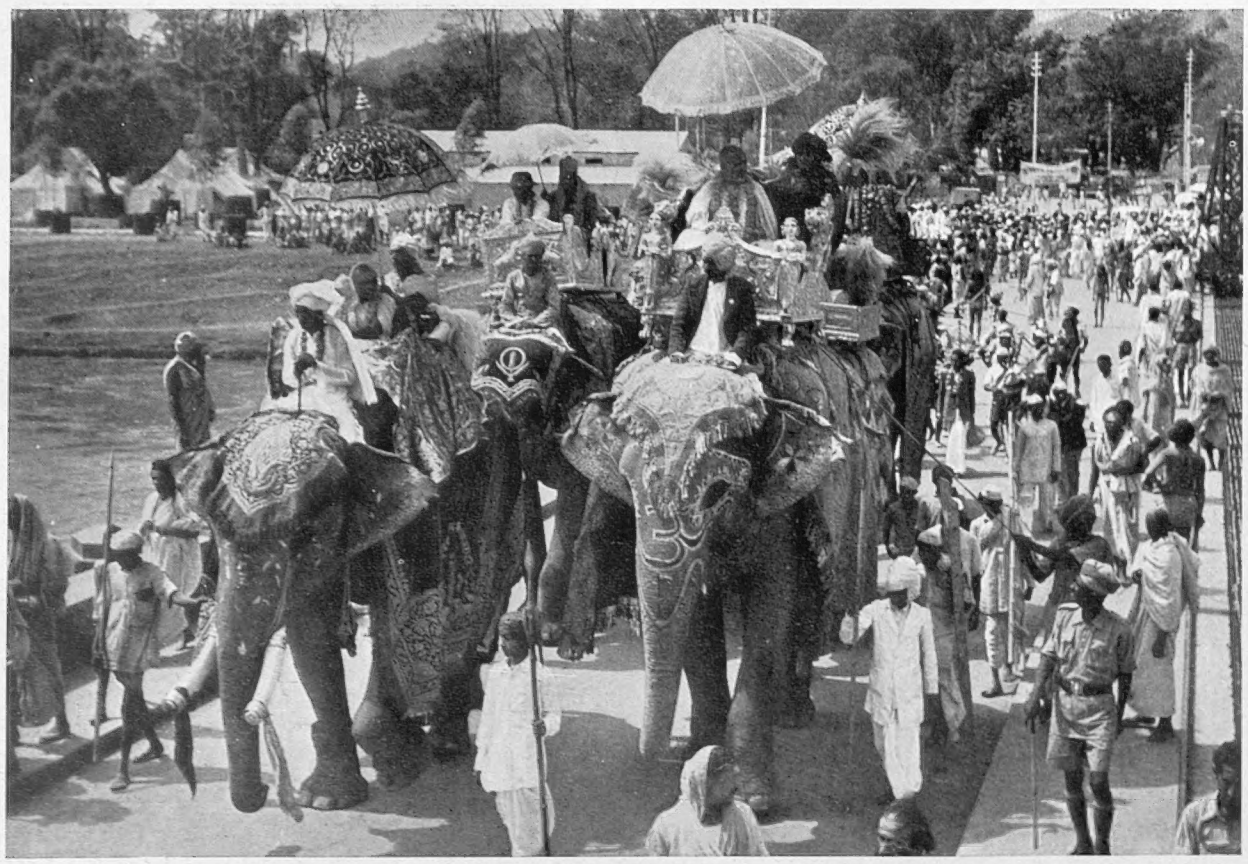
THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR PAGES WALK THROUGH THE CASTLE PRECINCTS: They were accompanied by a retinue consisting of the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, the Clerk of the Cheque and a detachment of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard

THE KING AND QUEEN WEARING THE ROBES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: Their Majesties being escorted from the Chapel of the Order after attending the Order's annual service. The trains of the mantles were carried by pages in white knee breeches and scarlet coats of eighteenth-century cut. The pages were the Hon. James Ogilvy (left) and Master Henry Seymour

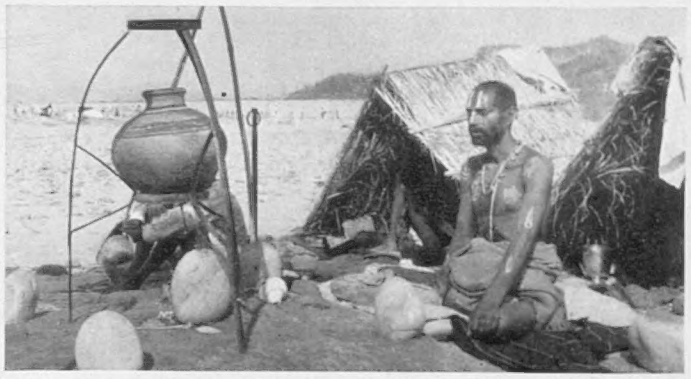
The Order of the Garter, the most illustrious and ancient of Orders, was originally instituted by King Edward III in 1348, and many will remember the scenes of splendour at Windsor in 1948 at the installation on St. George's Day and at the service at which the 600th anniversary of the Order was celebrated in St. George's Chapel.

The pageantry was on only a slightly lesser scale last week at the annual service of the Order, and the procession of the Knights of the Order through the Wards of Windsor Castle provided a magnificent spectacle for the 7,000 people who were admitted to the Castle precincts by ticket. After the King and Queen and all the Knights had been conducted to their stalls by the Officers of Arms, the service opened with the National Anthem. The Dean of Windsor led the congregation in The Lord's Prayer, and after the singing by the choir of Handel's "Zadok the Priest," there was a special prayer of thanks for the foundation of the Order more than 600 years ago.

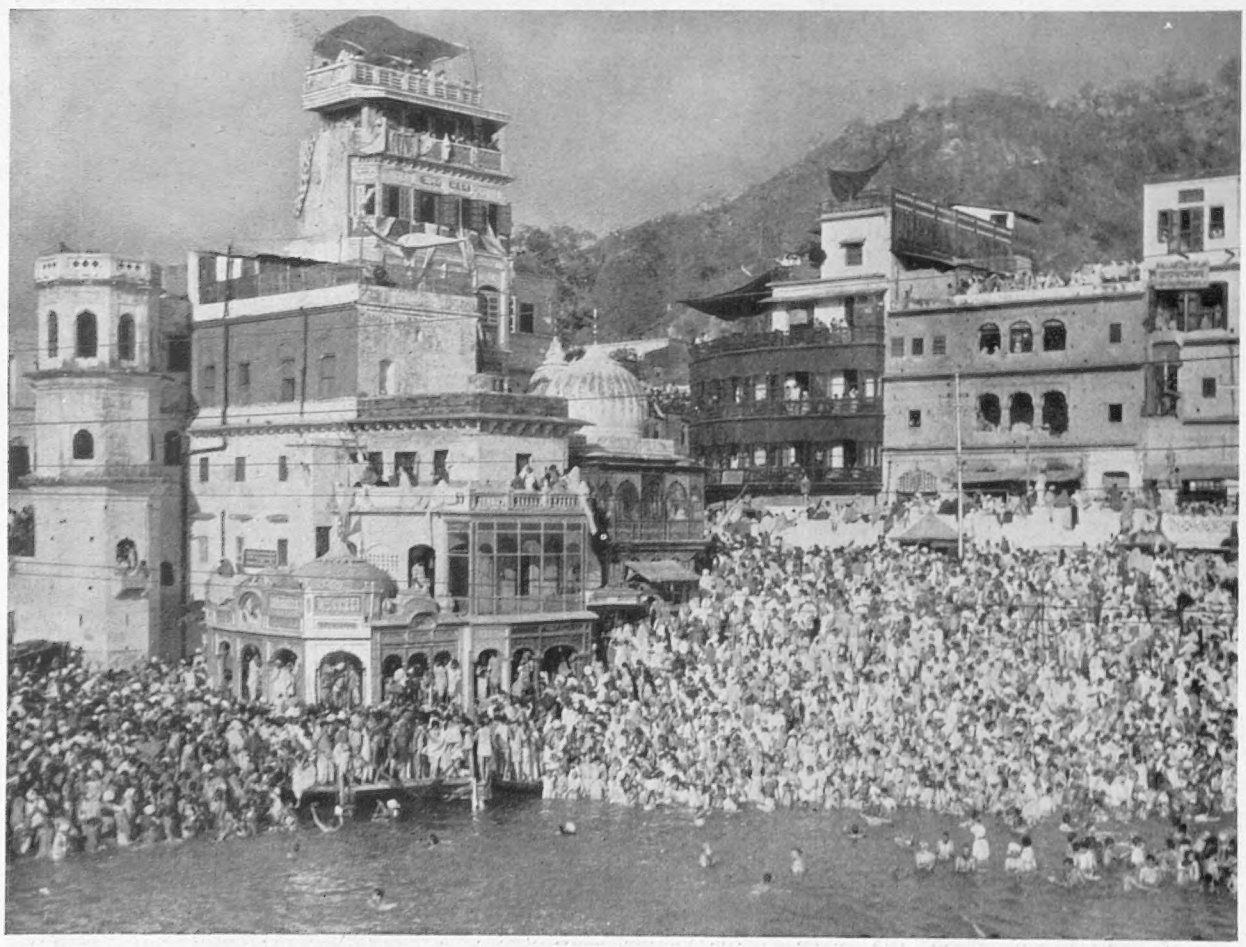
Following the service there was a Garter Banquet in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle at which the King and Queen entertained the Knights and their Ladies.



RICHLY CAPARISONED ELEPHANTS LEAD A PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF HARDWAR DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE KUMBH MELA : The Kumbh Mela takes place in India every third year, and in a cycle of twelve years it occurs in turn at Hardwar, Allahabad, Nasik and Ujjain. Often the number of the faithful attending these Kumbh Melas runs into millions, for the Hindu pilgrims, bent on performing the ceremonies prescribed by their priests, including the washing away of sin in the waters of the Ganges, regard this as their greatest festival. The most elaborate precautions have to be taken to prevent people being drowned, such is the fervour of those who throng the bathing ghats. This year 4,000 police were moved in to keep order



HOLY MEN COME IN THEIR THOUSANDS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE INDIAN SUB-CONTINENT ON THE OCCASION OF THE KUMBH MELA : These men, who practise a rigorous austerity and asceticism, sitting on boards bristling with nails and enduring other self-imposed hardships, encamp on the sandy shores by the Ganges and are regarded with the deepest veneration by the simple-minded village folk who go to Hardwar as pilgrims. The fanatical sadhus, the fakirs (wandering mendicants), and other itinerant holy men are not easy to classify, but many of them are fine physical specimens deeply imbued by the tenets of their age-old faith



THIS YEAR OVER A MILLION PEOPLE WENT TO DIP THEIR BODIES IN THE GANGES' SPIRITUALLY CLEANSING WATERS : Police and troops have to be used to control the crowds at the bathing ghats. Sometimes wireless loudspeakers are used to warn the people if they are pressing forward too urgently and that others in front are in danger of drowning

MILLIONS WORSHIP MOTHER GANGES

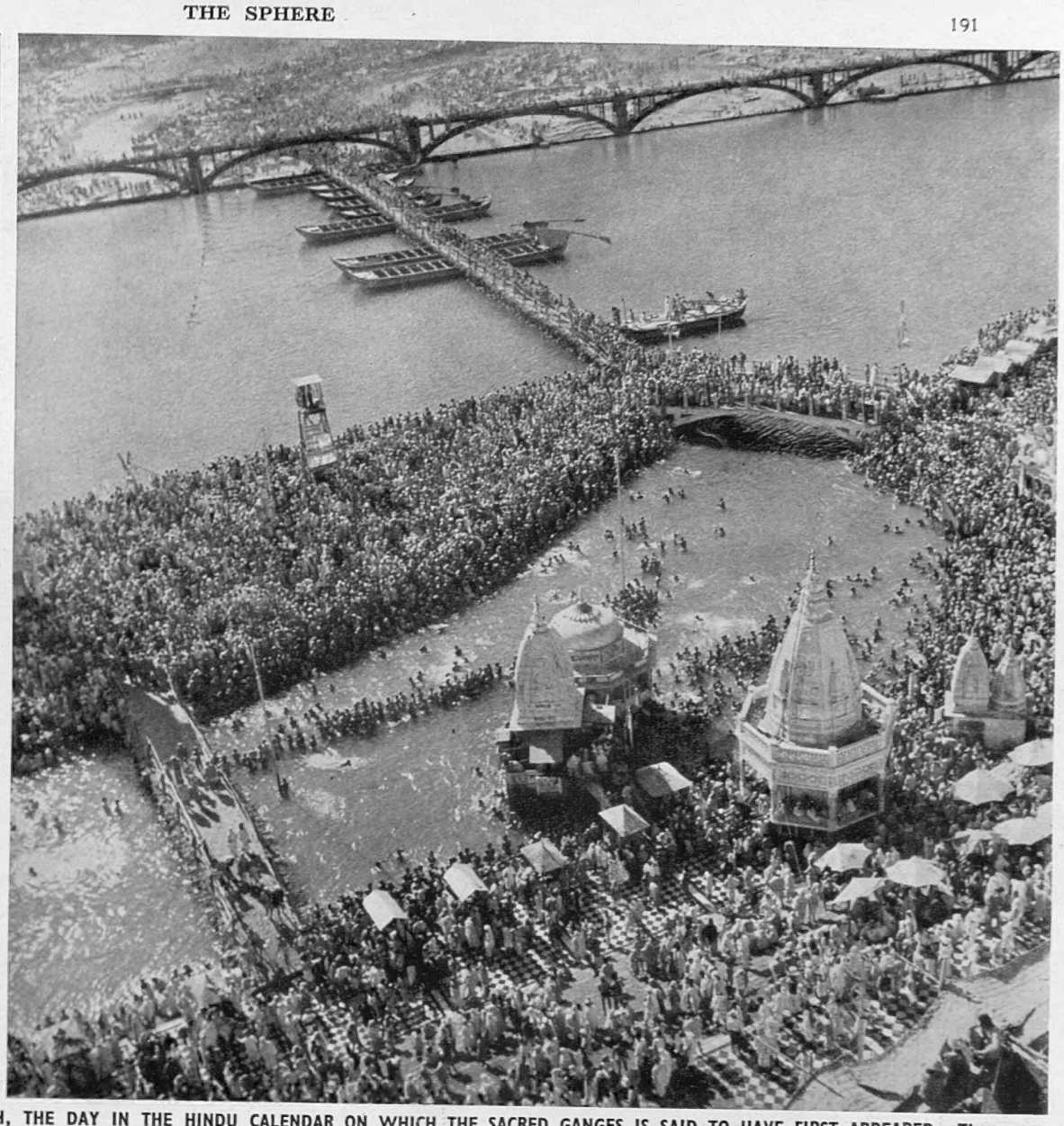
THE GREAT CELEBRATIONS OF THE KUMBH MELA AT HARDWAR

Prominent both in its geographical and religious relation to the life of the country the Ganges excels all the great rivers of India in its sanctity. From its source nearly 14,000 ft. above the sea, beyond the giant barrier of the Himalayas and along its 1,500 miles to the Hugli mouth, its course is holy ground, and to bathe in its waters is to wash away sin.

Inevitably great religious festivals are associated with the Ganges, and nearly a million pilgrims assemble every year at Allahabad for the Magh Mela, when they bathe at the confluence of the Ganges with the Jumna and the Saraswati. Even more important is the Kumbh Mela, which takes place every third year, being held in succession at Hardwar, Allahabad, Nasik (on the Godivari) and Ujjain. This year was the turn of Hardwar to stage the Kumbh Mela.

Hardwar, which is situated on the right bank of the Ganges at the mouth of a gorge through which the mighty river enters the plains, is a town of great antiquity, and is held in the deepest veneration by Hindu India. The name Hardwar, meaning the door of Hari (Vishnu), is comparatively modern, dating back perhaps to A.D. 1. The main object of attraction in the city is the Temple of Gangadwara, and the adjoining bathing ghat where, at the Kumbh Mela, as the pictures on these pages show, the faithful come in their tens of thousands to wash in the sacred waters of the Ganges. This ghat, which is known as Hari-ke-charan, has its name from the charan or footprint of Hari (Vishnu) impressed on a stone let into the upper wall. At the propitious moment each pilgrim struggles to be first to plunge into the pool, and, as might be imagined, stringent police regulations are required to prevent the crowd from trampling one another to death and drowning each other in the sacred water. In 1819, no fewer than 430 people lost their lives in this manner.

The bloody fights which marked the Kumbh Mela in earlier days, when sect slew sect and the bathing ghats were littered with the casualties resulting from racial animosity and religious differences, are now a thing of the past; but at the Kumbh Mela in 1927 there were many casu-

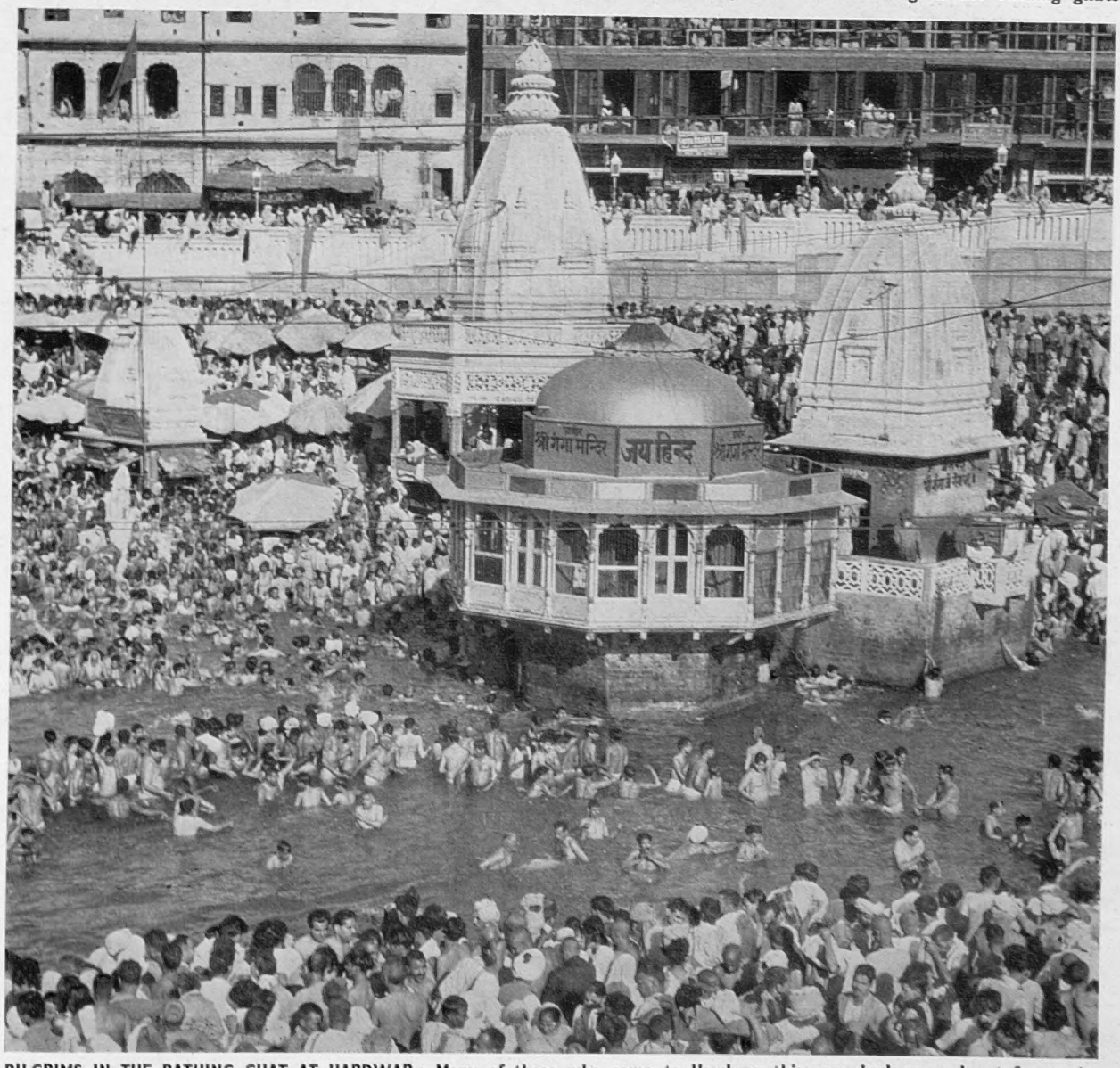


THE GREAT DAY OF CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF BAISAKH, THE DAY IN THE HINDU CALENDAR ON WHICH THE SACRED GANGES IS SAID TO HAVE FIRST APPEARED : These two overhead views were taken during the Kumbh Mela at the height of the celebrations when pilgrims from every corner of India plunged into the Ganges, which is specially sanctified at this spot. The wooden tower, which is seen in the middle distance in both pictures, was used by the police to control the crowds. In centuries gone by rival sects often indulged in bloody battles at the Kumbh Mela, but nowadays the danger is invariably from overcrowding in the bathing ghats

d some deaths when a barricade gave way at e height of the elebrations. On the principal thing day at that Kumbh Mela it was estimated e attendance reached 600,000, and this year is probable that the numbers were hardly less. To witness a Kumbh Mela is to see the old dia which still remains; an India utterly remote om political upheavals and political interests, ne deeply embedded in doctrines, customs, houghts and creeds that are wholly unalterable. Here the ancient faiths that grew out of the rich jungle life, or the austere life of the desert and the plains, hold undisputed sway, more momentous to the great mass of the people than the largest ssues that confront human governments. Go to Nasik, Allahabad, Hardwar, or Ujjain, and the Kumbh Mela has the same aspect of expectancy, tensity and religious fervour.

As the day for the Kumbh Mela draws ear, Hindus from every corner of the land begin to foregather. Often the journey may take a month or more, and all along the oute the pilgrims encamp in long-recognised halting places; most of these halting places indescribably filthy and the breeding ground of innumerable diseases. Yet each member of that vast concourse, cold and weary though he may be, struggles on to the journey's end with a faith as strong and convictions as deep as inspire those who journey to Mecca.

Most remarkable of all the people who attend the Kumbh Mela are the fanatical sadhus, the fakirs and the itinerant holy men. Between these men it is often hard to differentiate. The sadhu is sometimes depicted as a diseased and filthy mendicant, and yet this can be very far from the truth. Leonard Handley has written of the sadhu as "a uniquely perfect example of the militant religieux. As much a soldier of the faith as our crusading knights of old." This magnificent body of men, practising the most rigorous austerity and asceticism, is easy enough to confuse with the beggars who still haunt the Indian scene. Every sort and condition of beggar indeed attends the Kumbh Mela. Tiger dancers, their hair matted with powder, their glistening, sweat-drenched bodies painted in ochre, or vermilion; men lying or sitting on beds of nails, or walking on their knees for life as a penance; men with livid caste marks like scars, are all part of this unique festival. Between the vast crowds runs the sacred river, the goal of a million journeys. At every Kumbh Mela the river is heavily chlorinated to guard against the almost inevitable outbreaks of cholera attendant upon the sudden congregation of so many people in so primitive a land.



PILGRIMS IN THE BATHING GHAT AT HARDWAR : Many of those who came to Hardwar this year had camped out for weeks en route to the city. So intent was their devotion that they appeared to be quite regardless of overcrowding or weather conditions. In 1819, 430 people lost their lives through drowning in the main bathing ghat at Hardwar

FRANCE HAS A NEW "AFFAIRE"

Two Generals in Unwelcome Headlines

By FERDINAND TUOHY

SIXTEEN years have gone by since France had a scandal comparable to that now commonly known as "the Case of the Generals." Come to think of it, this is remarkable in view of the great fragility of public affairs ever since the Liberation; and what is more, it is satisfactory to report that public and Press, as a whole, are taking this latest scandal with much more sobriety and reserve than was the case with Stavisky.

All the same, that doesn't alter the fact that this is strong meat for any regime to have to digest, containing about everything from the doors of the Élysée to poison, the Atlantic Pact, black marketing, bribery, phony secret services, and a runaway adventurer. Of course, this latest "*affaire*" has a *bordereau*, or report. What would a French scandal be without one? But it does not seem to include a woman—not so far, at any rate.

It all "remounts" to the dropping of a confidential report on Indo-China by a Communist-sympathising Viet-Namian in a Paris bus last September. How did young Hoang Van Co come by his copy? The question grew to be a live one as soon as it became known that a second copy had got through to President Ho Chi-minh, who enjoys the support of the Communist Party and is opposing the French-reared Bao Dai regime in Indo-China.

The contents of the now notorious Report were not in themselves shattering; it was who wrote it that mattered most. The author was General Georges Revers, fiftyish and debonair Chief of the French General Staff, who had been sent to Indo-China to report on the best lines of military and political policy to pursue there. He reported that the French High Commissioner should be a military man, and named General Charles Mast, formerly of Tunis during the war, for the post.

What rendered the "leakage" at once a grave matter was when investigations led through various Viet-Namians to an adventurer named Roger Peyré, and when the latter followed the classical tactics of telling all he could about some of his most influential "contacts" and adding a good deal else—stories of how he distributed £1,000 to one general, the same to a second, and half as much to a Socialist deputy. The idea being that, if one can make the scandal big enough to endanger the regime, you may hope to get away on the promise of not divulging anything further.

Roger Peyré, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and now "sitting pretty" in Brazil, is the typical "outsider" who intrigues his way into the confidence of public men who find his peculiar services of use to them. Stavisky was the same—only he lavished largesse right and left and was instrumental in adding a new word to the language—"*chequard*," or someone who is bribed in cheque form. Peyré certainly had no such money to distribute. Let us observe him.

Suave, quietly-spoken, of good manner and appearance at fifty, Roger Peyré spent several adventurous and unsuccessful years in the backwoods of South America. Returning to France in the late '30's, he entered business, went bankrupt, and was convicted of receiving stolen property. The next we hear of him was when he joined a Fascist and collaborationist organisation during the war. But he also supplied General Revers with information at that time. Revers admits to past errors and was involved in the Resistance, which took several facets in its formative period.

Later in the war Peyré crossed to Tunisia, where he made a new business start with a French trade union leader, Bouzanquet, and the present head of the Tunis Chamber of Commerce, Costa. But Peyré had to return to France to face charges, and, like so many Frenchmen, was acquitted by one court and condemned by another, for his wartime activities. Finally all finished well: Peyré was decorated and launched out on an import-export business, in Paris, along with his friends, Bouzanquet and Costa.

Alas for him, the adventurer rarely rests content. In France, the Stavisky-Peyré brand seeks to draw financial benefit by getting to know those little groups, the "cabinets" of the various Ministers. While, to insure against possible trouble with the police, your adventurer becomes an informer for one or other service. Peyré became an under-cover agent for the S.D.E.C.E., which descended from the wartime B.C.R.A. I fear the initials mean as much to you as to me, but I can say that the service is one of three operating in France to-day.

First come the ordinary police services attached to the Ministry of the Interior; secondly, the secret police known as the S.D.E.C.E., supposed to limit itself to counter-espionage abroad and joined to the Prime Minister's office; and thirdly, the Deuxième Bureau, or War Office Intelligence Service. There is thus a wide range for anyone looking for a patron amongst French secret services, especially to-day.

Defeat, occupation and resistance have notably added to the complications which used to lie behind pre-war scandals. Defeat brought demoralisation and lack of faith in the regime, both of which still exist. Occupation brought duplicity. The President himself had to conceal his identity back in 1941-42. Purposes, too, had to be concealed. A hero of the Resistance, now a Deputy, will shortly be tried for what amounts to highway robbery.

All those tricks, which had to be resorted to, have left their mark.

Another change from pre-war is that there's so small a majority supporting the Parliamentary Republic, and so many who resemble the Royalists, Communists and Fascists of the '30's. In sum, the power to withstand shocks has decreased, and the Peyré case has provided many.

When a scandal breaks in France, usually through the inordinate ambition of the "outsider," not only his immediate ally in political life is endangered, but all people who have been in contact with him, often innocently, and above all, those who have been used, or have attempted, to prevent publicity—even from sound motives. For instance, ex-Premier Ramadier and ex-Minister of the Interior Moch find themselves in a hole through seeking to quash the present scandal at its birth. They say they acted for the good of the country, but others aver they only wished to cover up for their Government departments.

Many weeks of an investigating committee have led to great confusion and contradiction. Three members have resigned, including one who was found to be in relationship with "the missing witness," Peyré, about whose extradition there is still a big query. As long as he stays away, many men high in public life will sleep the easier.

The only important decision yet taken is for the court-martial of Revers and Mast, each of whom risks losing his pension if not his epaulettes. Revers has admitted knowing Peyré personally, and that he wished to strengthen his knowledge of politics and politicians. Peyré seemed an impressive, knowledgeable chap, to whom he could confide his worries and uncertainties. But the General denies that he gave the Report to Peyré, or that he received money from the latter.

The use that Peyré could make of the Report is clear enough. He had his eye on the extremely valuable Far Eastern market, and was building up connections with both sides of Viet-Namians in Paris. If he could get this important advance information to the Viet-Namian leaders, they would see that he got rewarded in the shape of fat business and "rakes-off."

That part is clear enough. Other things are not so clear. Why, for example, did General Revers agree to resign with such alacrity, and then withdraw his offer? He says he found he was to be made the scapegoat. In the outcome, this soldier had to be retired so as to humour the Americans, as it was said. For this is where the case takes another angle: Revers, as Army Chief of Staff, had access to Atlantic Pact secrets, and the Americans reasoned that no man under suspicion in respect of a "leakage" should remain in so lofty and vital a post.

Nor was the situation lightened when General Revers announced that strychnine had been found in his food. Who could have put it there? Almost anyone in this upside-down affair! For consider: another revelation of the General's was that there was a complicated black market operation in dollars, francs and Indo-Chinese piastres going on in Saigon. His saying so could have accounted for the poison.

As for Peyré, he was precise before quietly taking French leave and slipping away last January to Brazil (another cause of accusations, this time against one or other branch of the secret service). Peyré said he received the Report from General Mast and had paid money to certain intermediaries. Some substantiation of this resides in the Parliamentary Committee having seen letters said to be signed by Revers' secretary, asking Peyré to obtain favours. Other witnesses testified that Peyré distributed bribes to help General Mast to become High Commissioner.

The prestige and credit of the Committee have not been fortified by the revelation that three of its members, including the president, heard a potential witness in advance of the Committee, "to see if he was worth hearing." The Committee has also been much criticised on the ground that it has listened to a variety of charges made by publicists and others against their political enemies, instead of sticking to the question of the leakage of the Revers Report.

Perhaps the most sensational of these allegations came through the Communist *Humanité*, which printed all over its front page that the "Paul" mentioned in young Hoang Van Co's papers refers to M. Paul Auriol, son of the President, and a member of the latter's staff.

This attempt to bring in the Élysée has led to legal action being taken on its behalf, and to a categorical denial that the President ever knew of the existence of Peyré. But the Socialist Party (of which the President is a member) has all the same been damaged in the persons of Moch, Ramadier and Le Troquer, each of whom finds himself having to admit to errors of action. Undoubtedly Premier Bidault's M.R.P. has come through the storm best. There has been nothing whatever to connect it with the scandal.

The Gaullists are involved through the activities of the pro-Gaullist weekly *Carrefour* ("Cross-roads"). This paper is fulfilling something of the same role that the notorious *Gringoire* did before the war. Ultra-Right, it has drawn yet another issue, and a burning one, across the tangled path by dragging in Pétain. This would be the moment to raise the question of his retrial! Well, it has been done by none other than "Colonel Remy," otherwise Gilbert Renault-Roulier, novelist and Resistance hero, who was de Gaulle's right hand in France. They have now split over the Prisoner of Yeu, who, at ninety-five, demands a new trial in stiffest soldier's tone.

Naturally, all of this business is no good at all for France and Europe during the fragile hours we are experiencing.

WHEN GENERAL REVERS VISITED LONDON IN 1948: The Chief of the General Staff of the French Army, as he then was, seen with Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, then Minister of War. General Revers was the author of the lost Report on Indo-China—a Report recovered in mysterious circumstances and reflecting suspicion on the General and his possible political associations

NO. 2 GENERAL IN THE CASE: General Mast, whose candidature for the post of High Commissioner in Indo-China was put forward by General Revers in the now notorious Report. Both Revers and Mast now face trial by court-martial

HIDDEN DANGER IN HONG KONG'S SHANTY TOWN?

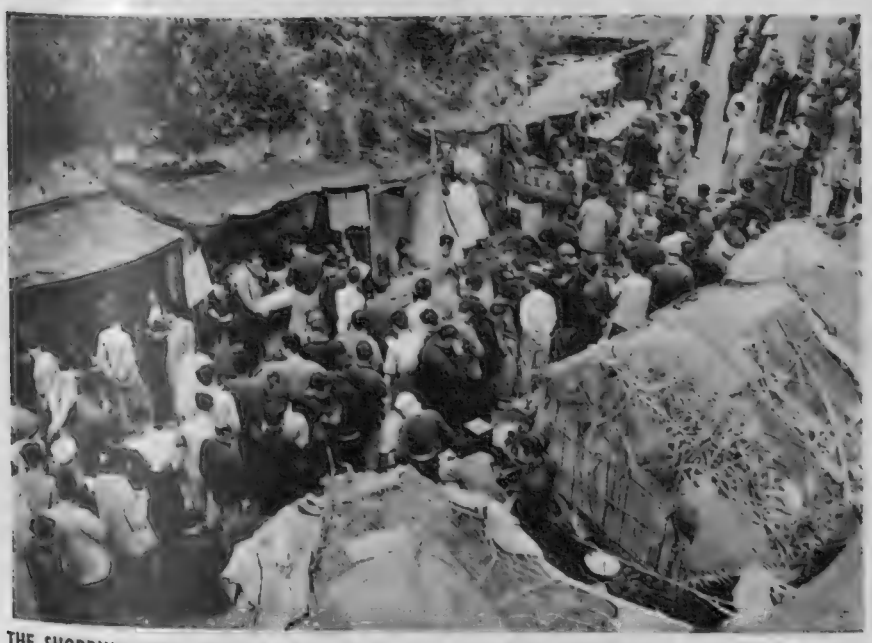
Refugees from the Mainland Establish themselves Round Mount Davis

To-day the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong is a veritable arsenal. Over 35,000 well-armed troops are said to be on the island of Hong Kong, in Kowloon, and in the Leased Territories that stretch to the Chinese border, the Province of Kwangtung. New military highways have been constructed in the Leased Territories, and everything has been done to service the powerful air force operating from Kai Tak. But Hong Kong is not 100 per cent. secure, in the opinion of many of its residents, while it allows the refugee shanty town on Mount Davis to continue in existence. This shanty town, situated on the island of Hong Kong and within a mile or two of the city of Victoria, is constantly being augmented by illegal immigrants who come into the island under cover of night. There is no real check on these so-called refugees from Communism, and fears have been expressed that there may be a considerable fifth column among them. The Mount Davis shanty town might indeed be the springboard for a skilfully co-ordinated Communist attack upon the colony.

THE SHANTY TOWN SPRAWLS ROUND THE LOWER SLOPES OF MOUNT DAVIS, ON HONG KONG ISLAND, NOT FAR FROM THE CITY OF VICTORIA: The refugees have flooded into Hong Kong from Communist China, and it is suspected that many are brought to the island illegally by boat under cover of darkness. In the distance is Green Island with its lighthouse

COOKING A MEAL IN THE CAMP ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT DAVIS: With an air of expectancy the refugees gather round one of the cooks

DERELICT CONCRETE VILLAS ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT DAVIS PROVIDE A HOME FROM HOME FOR THE MORE FORTUNATE REFUGEES: The presence of these refugees so near to the capital city of Hong Kong, Victoria, which lies only just on the other side of the hill, has been a cause for concern with local authorities and residents



THE SHOPPING AREA AND THE RESIDENTIAL QUARTER IN HONG KONG'S SHANTY TOWN: *Left*—Refugees gathered round the stalls which enterprising traders have set up on the slopes of Mount Davis. *Right*—A refugee family outside a hastily-thrown-up rattan shelter. There is an ever-present danger of fire in such communities, as was proved time and time again during the days when refugees were pouring by the tens of thousands through Shanghai

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HISTORIC SOUTHWARK

MONUMENTS OF SOUTH LONDON WHICH ARE MARKED OUT FOR PRESERVATION

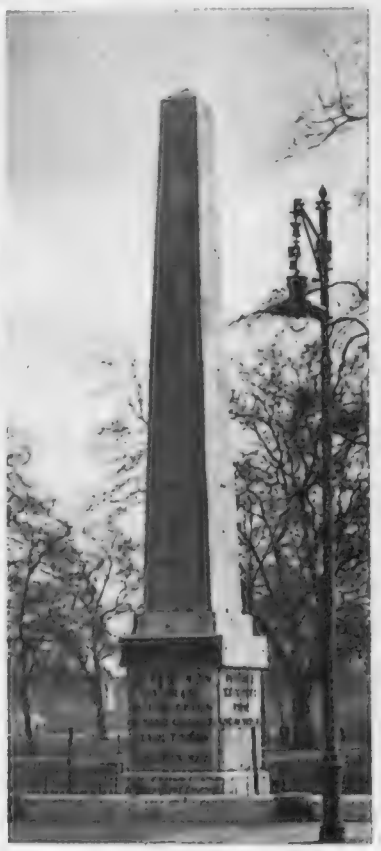
This summer London hopes to welcome visitors by the thousand, but of those who come to make the tour of The Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and all the great monuments of the North Bank, how many will spare an hour or two for Shakespeare's London, Dickens's London, the ancient Borough of Southwark that lies across the Thames from the City and is itself so rich in historic associations? Only recently the Ministry of Town and Country Planning has drawn attention to the richness of Southwark by its scheduling of certain buildings for protection in the borough, while that monumental *Survey of London*, the first volume of which appeared in 1900, has now reached Volume XXII, which deals with the Southwark parishes of St. Saviour and Christchurch. What scenes this Survey evokes of London in Elizabethan days, when the pleasure-loving populace flocked to the Paris Gardens, the Globe, the Hope and the Swan Theatres, enjoying the bull-baiting, the bear-baiting, and the performances of Will Shakespeare, Burbage and company. In those days Southwark lay on the fringe of green fields and trim hedgerows, and within its confines were the stately palaces of the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester. Not much of that grandeur still remains, but there is much that is picturesque in Bankside's courts and alleyways, and the ardent seeker after the old London will be well rewarded by adventuring across Southwark Bridge

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, A MODERNISED BUILDING ON AN HISTORIC SITE: The cathedral, which is listed among the monuments of Southwark compiled by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and therefore subject to no alteration without special permission, stands on the site of the church of the nunnery of St. Mary Overy. It is dealt with in the recently published Volume XXII of the *Survey of London*, concerning the parishes of St. Saviour and Christ Church

THE CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY, MADE FAMOUS IN THE OLD MUSIC-HALL SONG "AT TRINITY CHURCH I MET MY DOOM": Holy Trinity was built by Francis Bedford in 1823-24, and it is now listed among the monuments of Southwark

THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, IN BOROUGH HIGH STREET, ALSO INCLUDED IN THE MINISTRY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING'S LIST OF BUILDINGS SCHEDULED FOR PERMANENT PRESERVATION: Built in 1734-36 on the site of a previous church dating from 1122, St. George's has many historic associations. It was there that General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was married in 1653 to Nan Clarges, his laundress and the daughter of a blacksmith in the Strand. For many years the church was the burial-place for prisoners who had died in the Marshalsea. It was in this church, too, that Dickens's Little Dorrit slept all night, with her head on the register as a pillow, after she had been locked out of the Marshalsea

THE HISTORIC GEORGE INN, IN BOROUGH HIGH STREET: On account of its proximity to one of the earliest theatres, and because it was on the great highway to the South, Southwark abounded in inns and taverns in earlier days, and Stow, in his *Survey of London*, made mention of the fact. The George had a chequered career, for it was in part burnt in 1670 and completely consumed six years later. The present building, with its open wood galleries, was built on the old plan



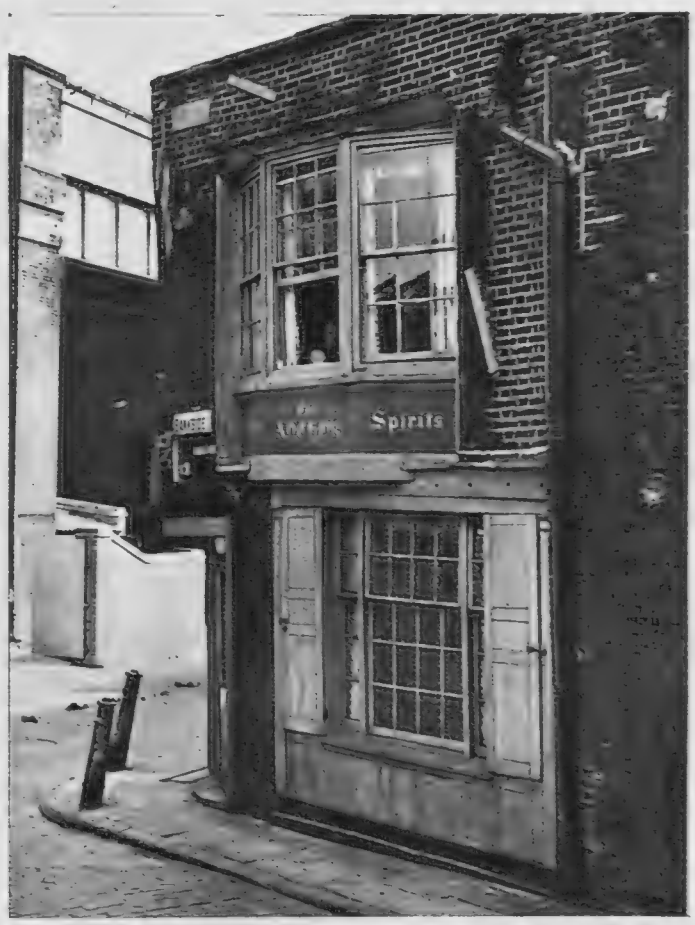
THE OBELISK AT THE NORTH CORNER OF GERALDINE MARY HARMSWORTH PARK: It was erected in the reign of George III, and bears on one panel an inscription to the effect that it stands 1 mile and 33 ft. from London Bridge

CARDINAL CAP HOUSE, NO. 49, BANKSIDE: It is the only remaining private dwelling still occupied on historic Bankside. No. 49, which dates from the seventeenth century, is the home of Major Malcolm Munthe, a son of the late Axel Munthe, the author

GUY'S HOSPITAL, FOUNDED IN 1721 BY THOMAS GUY, THE LOMBARD STREET BOOKSELLER WHO MADE A FORTUNE BY SELLING BIBLES AND BY JUDICIOUS SPECULATION IN SOUTH SEAS STOCK: Thomas Guy died in 1724, and he is buried in the chapel of the hospital. He was in many ways an eccentric, and a host of anecdotes, some of them true and nearly all of them entertaining, surround his name

NELSON SQUARE, BLACKFRIARS ROAD: This Southwark Square, which sustained considerable war damage, as the upper storeys of these houses proclaim, is associated with several great names, including those of Thomas Barnes, editor of *The Times* during the Melbourne, Peel and Grey administrations, and Joseph Haydn, celebrated compiler of the *Dictionary of Dates*

THE ANCHOR TERRACE, IN SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, NEAR WHICH WAS THE GLOBE THEATRE OF SHAKESPEAREAN FAME: The position of the Globe has been established from an old map found in the office of the Comptroller of the City of London. This has now been published for the first time



THE PICTURESQUE OLD ANCHOR PUBLIC-HOUSE, BANKSIDE: Bankside, where the new power station extension is in progress, is full of picturesque corners, which remind the rare visitor of the days when the Globe, the Hope and the Swan Theatres were among London's biggest attractions

HOPTON'S ALMSHOUSES, IN HOPTON STREET: This cluster of almshouses was founded in 1730 by a Mr. Hopton "for the purpose of affording shelter for poor decayed householders of the Parish of Christchurch." A pension of £12 was provided in the bequest for each inmate of the almshouses

THE DRAPERS' ALMSHOUSES, IN GLASSHILL STREET: This row of houses, which was rebuilt in 1820, is also among the properties in Southwark which are scheduled for preservation

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE IRON CURTAIN

A Pictorial Survey of Foreign Affairs

ISRAEL COMMEMORATES INDEPENDENCE DAY: *Left*—An infantry unit passing the saluting base where Prime Minister Ben Gurion and President Weizmann watched them in company with other leaders of the new State. *On right*—Mr. Ben Gurion standing during the march-past with the President seated on his left hand. Behind the President is Brigadier Yadin, the Commander-in-Chief of Israel's Army. On the day after these celebrations Israel officially heard the news that her near neighbour, the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, had annexed Arab Palestine. The news—by no means unexpected—was not well received in Tel Aviv, where it was stated that the present armistice between Israel and Jordan constituted no final political settlement, and that the status of the Arab areas, lying west of the Jordan, still remained an open question so far as Israel was concerned

ALL SIX DEFENDANTS FOUND GUILTY IN THE LATEST SPY TRIAL IN PRAGUE: Nechansky, Wahl and Sprysl standing between their guards as they heard the sentence of the State Court on charges of high treason. Nechansky and Wahl were sentenced to death by hanging, and Sprysl received hard labour for life. The other three defendants received sentences varying between eighteen and twenty-five years imprisonment. The group to which they are said to have belonged was formed, the evidence revealed, by Major Jaromir Nechansky upon the advice of Walter Birge, former head of the Political Department of the United States Embassy in Prague. The group was supplied with wireless transmitters, radio spare parts, cypher keys and other materials by the United States. It had under its control, it has further been stated, a number of subsidiary espionage groups operating in Czechoslovakia and assisting in illegal escapes made across the frontier into Western Germany. This political trial in Czechoslovakia followed close on the heels of a religious trial, also familiar in its pattern, in which ten members of the Jesuit, Dominican, Franciscan and other orders were found guilty on the usual charges of espionage and conspiracy. Their sentences ranged from two years up to life imprisonment

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR VISITS THE BRITISH MOTOR SHOW IN NEW YORK: The Duke with Mr. F. I. Connolly (left), President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers of Great Britain, and Sir William Welsh, the North American representative of the British motor industry. The Duke is being shown a Jaguar model. The show has been attracting over 12,000 visitors a day to the Grand Central Palace, New York. Sir William Welsh has set the target of 50,000 British cars a year to be sold in the United States, and believes that it can be done without in any way disturbing the balance of the American motor industry. Among those who have given their blessing to this enterprising show has been Mr. Paul Hoffman

HEINRICH HOFFMANN, HITLER'S PERSONAL PHOTOGRAPHER, AGAIN APPEARS BEFORE A DENAZIFICATION COURT: Hoffmann, who has spent the last five years at Landsberg Gaol, near Munich, and has aged visibly, appeared before the court to lodge an appeal. He is now sixty-five. During the Nazi regime Hitler seldom travelled anywhere without Hoffmann, and the latter made a fortune by reason of the continuous flow of exclusive pictures he was able to offer to the Press

GIANINO MARZOTTO'S VICTORY IN THE MILLE MIGLIA: The Italian driver standing beside his own Ferrari in which he won the road race for sports and touring cars. The gruelling race between Rome, Brecia and Rome this year produced a record field of 383 cars. Heavy rain made the roads slippery, and there were numerous accidents. P. Monkhouse's death as a result of P. Woods' Healey crashing near Padua deprived Britain of one of her most experienced drivers

THE FIRST CANONIZATION TO BE HELD IN HOLY YEAR: *Left*—Members of the clergy of St. Peter's carrying a big tapestry representing the Blessed Emilia de Rodat during the ceremony in St. Peter's, and (*right*) the Pope seated on his throne as he heard Cardinal Micara asking him to declare the new Saint. Seated next to the Pope is Nicola Cardinal Canali, and standing beside the Cardinal is Prince Orsini, the newly-appointed assistant to the Pontifical Throne. The new Saint, Emilia de Rodat, was a French lady who founded the Congregation of the Sacred Family. She was born in 1787 and devoted her life from the earliest years to aiding the poor, and caring for children and the sick. The Congregation which she founded has homes in many parts of the world. The ceremony of Canonization, one of the most splendid in the Roman Catholic ritual, lasted three-and-a-half hours and was attended by a huge congregation of pilgrims and visitors. Fourteen cardinals were present

PRESIDENT AURIOL PAYS A VISIT TO THE PORT OF LORIENT: The President (right) standing beside the Mayor as the latter held up the cushion bearing the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre, the two decorations which had just been conferred on the town. Lorient, vital German submarine base during the Second World War, suffered repeated Allied bombing and by the end of the war three-quarters of the buildings in the town had been razed to the ground. When the Germans withdrew eastward in 1944, after the Allied break-out in Normandy, Lorient was one of the towns in which the Germans left a garrison to prevent its use by the Allies, who contained it but did not attack it. The garrison did not surrender until May 9, 1945. President Auriol in his speech at Lorient did not mention the Communists by name, but he referred to the recent violent Labour troubles in France in the following fashion: "The act of pitting a fraction of the people against national sovereignty is a clear violation of the French Constitution"

THE JUBILEE OF MAURICE THOREZ: Books, a bedside lamp, portraits of Lenin and Stalin, and a host of other gifts on view in a hall at Ivry-sur-Seine, where the exhibition of the presents given to Maurice Thorez on his fiftieth birthday has attracted much attention. Thorez, the French Communist leader, is Deputy for Ivry. The son of a coal-miner, Thorez was born at Noyelles Godault in the Pas de Calais, on April 28, 1900, and he left school at the age of twelve in order to work in the mines. From 1936 to 1939, representing Ivry, he led his party in the French Chamber, and at the outbreak of the Second World War he went into hiding to avoid military service, was deprived of his nationality and condemned in absence by a military tribunal. Having spent some time in Moscow, Thorez returned to France in 1944. He received a full pardon in 1945

BERLIN HONOURS LENIN—CELEBRATIONS IN THE EASTERN SECTOR ON THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN LEADER'S BIRTH: *Left*—Communist police carrying a portrait of Lenin as they marched through the city to attend the ceremony at which Landsberger Allee and Landsberger Platz were renamed Lenin Allee and Lenin Platz. *Right*—Part of the great crowd which gathered in the Bebel Platz to hear Communist speakers from Russia and other East European countries. Everywhere Communist newspapers on this day published these words of Lenin as the theme of the day: "Let American capitalists not touch us; we will not touch them"

AUSTRALIA'S HALF-CASTE PROBLEM

Race Prejudice Lives on, but the Status of these People Improves Steadily with the Years

Prejudice against the half-caste aborigine is fading as industry cries out for more men.

Can the half-caste aborigine beat the colour-bar in a predominantly white Australia? Out in the far west of New South Wales are towns where the half-castes have to sit in seats away from the whites at the cinema. The people of mixed blood are excluded from the swimming-pools, and the Parents' and Citizens' Association steadfastly sets its face against proposals to teach the dark-skinned people in the white schools.

But in Sydney, Australia's most cosmopolitan city, the colour-bar is collapsing under pressure from both brown men and white. It is collapsing because neither side wants it; both sides are finding it a nuisance in a world coming closer together.

Economically the bar is an anomaly now that many half-castes are earning bigger money than whites. Socially it is being defied as much by the white boys as the brown girls. Internationally it is not helping Australia with her dark-skinned neighbours, with whom in the future her lot will be increasingly cast.

The Aborigines' Welfare Board of New South Wales is spending more on the half-caste aborigine than any other State. In return it is demanding that he shall ultimately assume the full burden and responsibilities of citizenship. New South Wales has 10,022 half-castes, compared with 5,546 in Queensland, and 4,882 in Western Australia.

To find out how far the State's policy has advanced, Sydney University's anthropologist, Professor Elkin, and Aborigines' Welfare Officer R. E. Dellow were recently asked whether the half-caste aborigine of reasonable intelligence could make the grade to complete assimilation in the white community. Both admitted that it could be done, although both emphasised that success depended on individual factors of intelligence, educational standards and degree of contact with the white. Here are their conclusions:

Economically the half-caste can crack the colour-bar because industry is short of labour and is prepared to give him a chance. He can learn a trade and the trade unions of Australia will accord him full membership. "Many of the half-castes living on and around La Perouse Reserve, near Sydney, are making more money in a week than I make in a fortnight," said Mr. Dellow. "Several are making £80 to £100 a week. They have the capacity to make money, but they haven't the discipline to hold it."

Educationally, the half-castes in most primary schools have the same opportunities as the whites. At La Perouse Public School the half-caste children seem to have the edge on the white children so far as scholarship is concerned.

There are 130 coloured children in the school and 120 whites. Any white child daring to draw the colour-line is taken from the playground to the schoolroom and made to apologise to the half-caste he has insulted. "He has more right to call himself an Australian than you have," headmaster William Champion tells the white child.

Most fanatical supporters of the half-caste children at the La Perouse school are the mothers of the white children. In the Mothers' Club at the school they have 50 per cent. of the votes. They lead the way in the demand for racial toleration. But it wasn't always so. When Mr. Champion assumed control of the school, petitions were being prepared to have a separate school for dark and white pupils. The headmaster announced that if two schools were granted he would apply for appointment to the school with the dark pupils.

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Champion, "the efforts of the staff of this school are somewhat nullified by the treatment many of the dark pupils receive when they pass to secondary schools. They are made bitterly aware of their colour by their white classmates. Several have played truant rather than stand the insults."

Mr. Champion pointed out that on leaving school most of the dark children go to work in mills, market gardens and as ward-maids at hospitals. Many with ability have been refused work in offices and stores because of their colour and its supposed offence to white customers.

Although the problem of employment for half-castes in industry has been largely settled, the more subtle problem of ensuring that they have a reasonable chance of graduating to the responsible and well-paid positions has still to be tackled.

On the average, the Australian aborigine has 20 per cent. less brain matter than the European. But Professor Elkin says this makes no difference to his intelligence. There is no co-relation between intelligence and the size of the brain-box. Intelligence is bound up with such factors as culture, opportunity and education. "I have always maintained," said Professor Elkin, "that the aborigine has the same intelligence as the rest of the Australians."

The Australian aborigine, or Australoid, from whom the half-castes inherit their dark skin, conforms to none of the three great divisions of mankind—European, Mongoloid, Negroid. He invaded Australia from India and exterminated the Tasmanians, a Negroid type related to the Melanesians, but possessing a simpler culture. The Australoid's forbears were probably also responsible for the extinction of Neanderthal Man, the strange primitive with beetling eyebrow ridges, stooping gait, short shins, retreating forehead and teeth with great pulp cavities but short roots. He was wiped out about 20,000 years ago.

Politically the half-caste can earn a certificate exempting him from control by the Aborigines' Welfare Board and admitting him to full rights of citizenship. He has to demonstrate that he is a man of good character and the Board reserves the right to withdraw the certificate if he fails to maintain a good standard of conduct.

Aesthetically, the half-caste aborigine can overcome the prejudice of the whites against a skin darker than their own and features differently moulded. Many of the half-caste girls on the La Perouse reserve are beauties in their own right.

Mr. Dellow explained that the great problem was to get Australian workers used to dark faces on the job.

Biggest factor in the assimilation of the people of mixed blood in New South Wales is the passage of the generations. About 75 per cent. of the people in New South Wales classed as half-castes are actually quadroons and octoroons. Their prospects of assimilation are better than those of the half-castes.

But because they have lived only on the outskirts of civilisation they have never really entered the white culture. They have little sense of responsibility, tend to move from job to job and to spend the money they earn recklessly and carelessly. "Our task," said Professor Elkin, "is to make them realise their responsibilities and opportunities in civilisation, as well as their privileges."

In many country areas half-castes are earning up to £15 to £20 a week on seasonal tasks. Many are knocking up cheques of £150 in the shearing sheds and coming into the towns to astonish storekeepers by putting down deposits on refrigerators and suites of furniture.

Economically the half-caste has made the grade. But as Aborigines' Welfare Superintendent, A. W. G. Lipscomb, claims, the problem now is not economic but educational. Merely to have enough money to live on is not enough. Large sections of the white community are living unhappy lives because they have no conception how to use their money, their leisure and their natural gifts. By education the native and the half-caste can be equipped to hold their own in the realms of culture and the spirit as well as in industry. They will break the colour-bar for ever when they achieve this goal.

WHITE AND DARK CHILDREN MINGLE HAPPILY AT LA PEROUSE: This happy group was taken at the mixed school near Sydney, New South Wales, where white youngsters and the children of mixed marriages live and work happily together. At La Perouse it has been found that the half-castes tend to do rather better than the whites in the matter of scholarship

THE CASE OF MARGARET FULLER: This young half-caste girl at La Perouse School, Sydney, is seen with her headmaster, Mr. William Champion, who describes her as brilliant. She refused to go on to high school because of the colour prejudice still existing in most schools of the higher grade

COLOUR CONTRASTS: These sisters are half-castes. Nancy (left) obviously proclaims her origin, while Heather is a blonde

HALF-CASTE GIRL WORKERS AT A SYDNEY CANNERY: The weekly wage of these girls is £4 17s., and they do forty hours in a five-day week. The trade union accepts them, and they enjoy a fair standard of living in a land that has always been deeply conscious of the colour problem

A HALF-CASTE HOME ON LA PEROUSE RESERVE: A mother and her two children in the kitchen of their home which has been built under the housing scheme of the Aborigines Welfare Department

THE HEADMASTER OF LA PEROUSE TAKES A MIXED CLASS: Mr. Champion never tires of drumming into his audience that it is an honour to be numbered among the dark races. Much of the work achieved at La Perouse, however, is nullified when pupils go on to secondary schools

BOOMERANG-MAKING IS A PROFITABLE SIDELINE FOR THESE HALF-CASTES: John Timbery, Harold Dotti and Robert Simms, who all have good jobs in industry, seen at work with knives and a saw. Boomerangs of the type they are making are suitable for killing small game birds

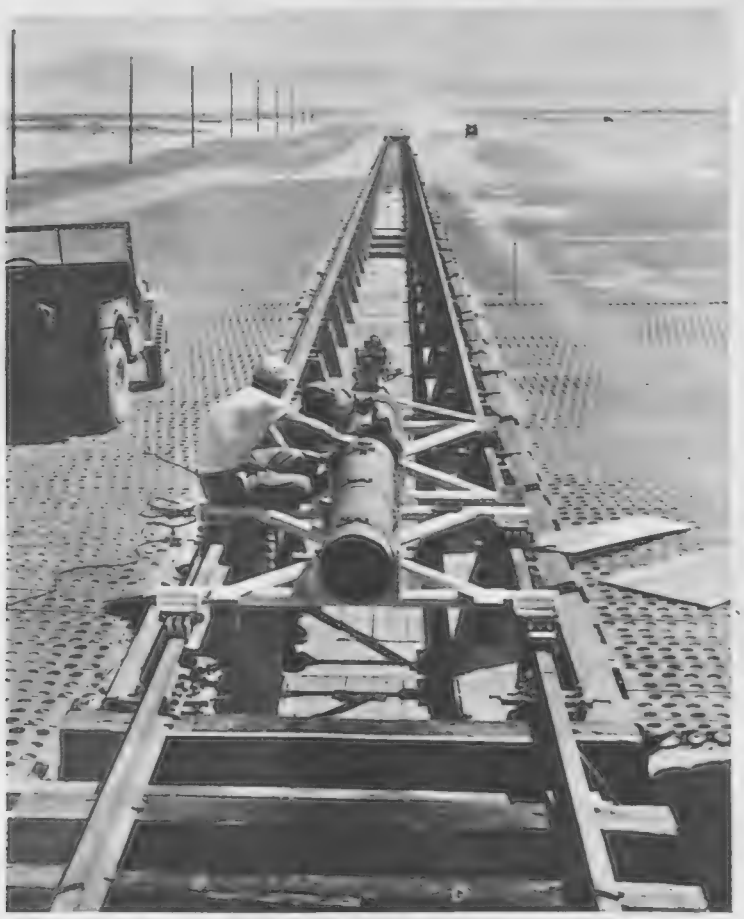
A BOY WITH A FIRMLY ROOTED IDEA: This half-caste wept with chagrin when the cameraman portrayed him in everyday clothes. He wanted to be in his Sunday best

HALF-CASTE SUCCESS STORY: Robert Simms, here seen with members of his family, including the latest arrival, is a prosperous building contractor. He will not apply for a permit to leave his native reserve and enter a white community, as he declares he does not wish to seek naturalisation in the land of his birth

MORE POWER IN THE SKIES

The B 36 Nacelle Carrier, and the Boosted Tiny Tim Rocket

SOMETHING NEW IN AERIAL TRANSPORTATION—B 36 NACELLE CARRIER: The engine nacelle carriers shown in these two pictures have been developed by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. A B 36, so equipped, made its first test flight on April 15 at the company's Fort Worth division. Suspended from bomb racks, the carrier holds two nacelles on each side of the fuselage. With it, the B 36 can transport four of its own spare power plants to any base where needed.



LAUNCHING THE TINY TIM IN TANDEM: Two of the U.S. Navy's new 11·75-in. rockets being mounted one behind the other on the mile-long runway at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station at Inyokern, California. The rockets are set in tandem so that the rear one pushes the front one for several hundred feet, and then the front one is ignited. This gives added speed to the front rocket, which may attain 1,000 m.p.h.

INAUGURATING A HELICOPTER PASSENGER SERVICE: This is one of the two B.E.A. Sikorsky S 51 helicopters which recently visited Cardiff Airport to make demonstration flights in the presence of members of the Welsh Advisory Council on Civil Aviation and civic dignitaries. The machines were piloted by two of the men who have been running the successful night mail services between Peterborough and East Anglia. The new passenger service between Cardiff and Liverpool will start on June 1. This route has been chosen as rail connection between Liverpool and the towns and cities of South Wales has never been good, and there is thus an opportunity for the helicopter to offer the business man a very considerable saving in time at little extra cost

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A TINY TIM CAREERS DOWN THE RUNWAY AT INYOKERN: *Left*—When this picture was taken at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station, No. 1 rocket, which had been mounted behind a rocket of similar pattern, was expending itself and No. 2 rocket had just been ignited, the former, with its initial boost, thus forcing the latter on to supersonic speeds. *Right*—Rocket No. 2 hits the target at the end of the mile-long runway, exploding with great force against a 3-ft. reinforced concrete wall. At this highly secret naval testing station deep in the heart of California, U.S. naval scientists, with the help of German technicians, have been investigating for several years past the advanced problems of rocket development. The 11·75-in. Tiny Tim is one of their most formidable weapons, and has been designed for use in the Navy's medium bombers. The U.S. Navy is making use of the best brains in the field of rocket research, but only a few of the secrets of Inyokern are as yet revealed

A MODERN DELANE: Captain Bruce Ingram, who this week celebrates fifty years as the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, surrounded by some of the many volumes produced under his supervision. The founder of the journal was Herbert Ingram, Nottingham bookseller and printer, who was Captain Bruce Ingram's grandfather

FIFTY YEARS OF EDITORSHIP

CAPTAIN BRUCE INGRAM WHO HAS JUST COMPLETED HALF A CENTURY AS EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

When John Thadeus Delane came down from Oxford after taking his degree in 1839, he joined the staff of *The Times*, Britain's most responsible daily newspaper, and within two years he had succeeded the great Thomas Barnes as editor, a position he was to hold until 1877. At the turn of the century almost the same kind of experience befell another young Oxford graduate in Bruce Stirling Ingram, who came down from Trinity College when he was twenty and within three years had succeeded to the editorship of *The Illustrated London News*, the oldest existing weekly illustrated newspaper. As in Delane's case, Bruce Ingram's was an appointment based on merit. It was not because he was "born to the purple," although he was indeed a grandson of the Nottingham bookseller and printer, Herbert Ingram, who had conceived the idea of *The Illustrated London News* and launched it upon the world in May 1842.

Bruce Ingram started out after his Oxford days as a partner in an old-fashioned firm of Colonial brokers, and even during the time when he was thus engaged much of his energy was devoted to the production of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, of which he was the owner. Bruce Ingram's big chance came in the South African War, when he suggested to the board of *The Illustrated London News* that they should let him produce, under the ægis of that paper, a special number dealing with the campaign in the Transvaal. This was agreed upon, and the number, at the then high price of 2s. 6d. a copy, was a triumphant success. It sold out, and Bruce Ingram was clearly marked for preferment in the journalistic field.

In 1900 he succeeded to the editorship of *The Illustrated London News*, taking over from the temporary editor who had succeeded Clement Shorter. The latter had in turn left, to launch the new publication, THE SPHERE.

From that day to this Bruce Ingram has edited *The Illustrated London News*. From the outset it was a dramatic half-century of editorship, for the death of Queen Victoria made necessary the production of special issues. Three great wars have occurred during Bruce Ingram's editorship, starting with the Russo-Japanese conflict. All three made journalism exacting, for paper became short and censorship became strict, but in all three wars expert pictorial reporting won *The Illustrated London News* new friends and new fame.

Captain Ingram—captain by reason of his part in the First World War, when he was mentioned in dispatches thrice and received the M.C. and O.B.E.—has not only built up the reputation of *The Illustrated London News* in times of war. He is especially proud of the fact that he has opened the *terra incognita* of archæology to the general public, and his treatment of the Tutankhamen story will always be remembered. He has also encouraged interest in painting, and is himself a collector of distinction. His Van de Velde collection of paintings and drawings is indeed without rival.

The Navy is another subject of special interest to this most versatile of editors. He is Adviser on Pictures and Drawings to the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, and Vice-President of the Navy Records Society. *Three Sea Journals of Stuart Times*, which Captain Ingram edited, was published in 1936.

Finally, to revert to his massive contribution to modern pictorial journalism, Captain Ingram takes a great share of the credit as a pioneer of photogravure printing for newspapers in Great Britain. It is a far cry indeed from the sixteen-page paper with thirty-two woodcuts which Herbert Ingram presented in 1842. In 108 years—largely under the Ingram impetus—*The Illustrated London News* has never ceased to move forward.

Captain Ingram's fifty years of editorship, which brought to mind in its beginnings the story of Delane, reminds us, too, of another great journalist, C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose editorship spanned fifty-seven years from 1872 to 1929. He, too, was an Oxford graduate, setting his mark on the daily newspaper across half-a-century in the same sure and dignified way as Captain Ingram has done in the no less exacting field of pictorial journalism

THE EDITOR AT HIS DESK AT COMMONWEALTH HOUSE: Captain Bruce Ingram, M.C., who took control of *The Illustrated London News* in 1900, shortly after the late Clement Shorter left to found *The Sphere*

HE FOSTERED THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PHOTOGRAVURE PROCESS AND HAS ALSO BEEN AN ERUDITE PATRON OF THE ARTS: Captain Ingram at his desk in Commonwealth House, New Oxford Street. Among the distinguished contributors to *The Illustrated London News* have been G. K. Chesterton and George Augustus Sala

WHERE NAVE AND CHOIR MEET, THE IMPRESSIVE CENTRAL SPACE OF LIVERPOOL'S ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL ON ST. JAMES'S MOUNT: From a gallery in the tower 100 ft. above the pews this picture was taken, through one of the soaring arches of the great cathedral, which was begun in the first years of the present century and will not be completed for another decade

THREE GREAT ANGLICAN SHRINES

The Progress of Liverpool Cathedral—Appeals for York and Salisbury

A MASTERPIECE OF MODERN GOTHIC: Liverpool's Anglican cathedral seen from th the Lady Chapel, the first part of the cathedral to be completed and in many wa is also to have a Roman Catholic cathedral, designed to be one of the la

WHERE THE WARM, ROSE-COLOURED SANDSTONE OF THE WOOLTON QUARRIES IS PREPARED FOR LAYING: Work in progress in a corner of the cemetery of Liverpool's Anglican cathedral on St. James's Mount. The completion of the nave is the last task confronting the builders

Since the Reformation in England only one Anglican cathedral has been built in the North of England, and only two in the south. The one in the north is at Liverpool and it is not yet finished. Although the first negotiations towards a cathedral for Liverpool were started in 1901, it will be another ten years before this undertaking reaches fruition.

In 1901 public advertisements invited architects to submit sets of drawings for a cathedral to a panel of judges. In April 1903 the judges announced that they had examined all the designs submitted and selected that of Giles Gilbert Scott, "because his plan demonstrates that power combined with beauty which makes a great and noble building."

At that time Scott was a young man of only twenty-one. The judges' decision occasioned a great deal of comment and speculation. They stuck to their selection, however, only conceding to Scott's extreme youth in appointing Mr. G. F. Bodley, an older man, as joint architect, so that Scott might have the benefit of his experience. After a few years Mr. Bodley died, leaving Scott as sole architect.

Since the first move was made nearly fifty years ago, many men have devoted their whole lives to the cathedral. Apart from Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who has watched the building grow from a conception in his own mind to a tangible edifice, there are workmen of all ages, clerks, administrators and surveyors whose entire adult lives have been spent within the aura of this single building.

Unlike any other cathedral, this great church is built in the warm, rose-coloured sandstone of the Woolton quarries, five miles away. Although originally designed with twin towers, in 1910 Scott made many revolutionary changes in his design, including the substitution of a single tower with double transepts, 280 ft. high.

This plan, laid out on a 40-ft. drawing-board, was revised again many times, and it was not until 1936 that the final plans were passed by the building committee.

THE GLORY OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AND burial-ground with its Lebanon cedars, launched on behalf of the cathedral.

from the east. In the foreground is many ways the most perfect. Liverpool f the largest churches in Christendom

YORK MINSTER FROM THE NORTH-EAST: The famous cathedral, for which an appeal is about to be launched in view of decay to the fabric, seen from the area of the Treasurer's House (right centre). The appeal for £250,000 for repairs to the fabric of the Minster is to be launched by the Dean and Chapter in June. Support has been given by a number of patrons who are well-known Yorkshiremen, or who have strong associations with the county, including Lord Scarbrough, Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding; the Marquess of Zetland, Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding; and Lord Middleton, Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding. The stonework of the west front shows very serious signs of decay and its present condition is dangerous. A conference is to be held at the Chapter House to-day (May 6), when representatives of the United States and Canadian Press have been invited to attend

AL AND ITS PRECINCTS: This view from the cathedral roof shows the Dean's cedars. Salisbury's spire is in imminent danger, and last week an appeal was hedral. In other respects urgent work on the fabric also requires to be done

LOOKING FROM THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL ACROSS THE MEADOWS TO THE RIVER AVON: In the foreground is the new girls' college, which is being built in the cathedral close

Salisbury Cathedral, that gem of early English architecture which was much harmed by restoration in the eighteenth century and restored to its ancient splendour in the nineteenth century, is very much in the news owing to the recent announcement that the steeple and other parts of the fabric are in urgent need of repair.

In a new publication, *The Romance of Salisbury Cathedral*, which has been published to coincide with the appeal for £100,000 launched by the Dean and Chapter, pictures are given of the present damaged state of the fabric, and Canon Smethurst, organiser of the Appeal, writes a chapter entitled "The Most Perfect Spire in Danger." He points out that it is necessary to rebuild the topmost 25 ft. of the spire, and to restore extensively the next 25 to 35 ft. Unless this is done, the collapse of the spire is a strong possibility. The cost of the necessary work will be £30,000, and a further £70,000 will be needed for the future maintenance of the spire, tower and roof.

DISASTER ON ROAD AND RAIL

A SEQUENCE OF ACCIDENTS, MAINLY IN THE UNITED STATES

A FREIGHT TRAIN PILED UP AT PUENTE, CALIFORNIA : Altogether forty-three cars in a train of eighty cars came to grief when a broken wheel on the Diesel engine caused the derailment. Two men who were said to be "riding the rods" were killed, and a third was seriously injured. Four of the cars contained caustic soda

WHEN A SANTA FÉ EXPRESS HIT A TRACTOR : The battered nose of the streamlined train, an express bound from Tulsa to Kansas City, is seen on the left. On the right it will be seen how one of the caterpillars was torn from the Diesel tractor. The tractor was crossing the line on a semi-trailer truck when the collision occurred

DERAILED BY NORTH DAKOTA'S SURGING FLOODWATERS : This four-car train on the Northern Pacific met with trouble as a result of track subsidence in the midst of the floods following the spring thaw. This accident actually occurred 15 miles west of the Red River, and it exemplifies the way in which floodwaters, even when far distant from a major river, sometimes roll for many miles across the featureless Dakota plains

IN LOS ANGELES AFTER A PRIVATE CAR HAD COLLIDED WITH A PETROL LORRY : An overhead view of the roadway at Glenway Market, showing the tank which rolled off the truck chassis, caught fire and exploded. A parked car at the kerbside was badly damaged, and a store front was completely demolished, the windows being blown out into the roadway. The truck driver and his companion were seriously injured. Two women travelling in the private car escaped with only minor injuries

***On left*—DEATH AT A CROSSING : Two persons were killed and two train workers injured when this Missouri Pacific mail train struck a petrol-tank truck near Lee's Summit, Missouri. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pinnell, both of Lee's Summit, were killed in the cab of their truck, which still hangs to the front of the locomotive. The injured railroadmen suffered severe burns when the petrol truck caught fire**

NO ONE WAS HURT : The wreckage of a 6-ton signal gantry and the derailed Stalybridge to Blackpool excursion train across which it fell outside Victoria Station, Manchester. The gantry, hit by the train, fell across two of the coaches. The train, which jumped the rails at 15 miles an hour, bumped down the track to stop only 10 yards from a viaduct. An eleven-months-old baby slept throughout

BRITAIN'S MIDGET SUBMARINE XE 7 UNDERGOING TRIALS IN THE GARELOCH, BETWEEN THE CLYDE AND LOCH LONG: The XE 7, a development of the midgets which attacked the German battleship *Tirpitz* in 1943, is to join the United States Navy this summer for exercises and demonstrations. She will be shipped to America aboard a larger vessel

BRITAIN'S FIVE-MAN SUBMARINE

TRIALS IN THE GARELOCH BEFORE A VISIT TO AMERICA

The first reference to Britain's use of midget submarines was contained in an Admiralty announcement in the autumn of 1943, when it became known that the midgets, operating 1,000 miles from a British base, delivered an attack on the main units of the German Navy in their protected anchorages in Alten Fjord, North Norway, in latitude 70 deg. North, lying some 50 miles inland from the open sea and approached by three narrow fjords nowhere more than two miles wide. This was indeed a major triumph, for subsequent aerial reconnaissance pictures showed the *Tirpitz* surrounded by repair craft and heavy tracts of oil upon the water of Alten Fjord. Since those days the Royal Navy has steadily developed the midget submarine, and there is no doubt that by the end of hostilities the British technique with midgets was far ahead of that of the Japanese, who used such craft both at Pearl Harbour and in an attack on Sydney, where four of them were successfully destroyed. Britain's latest development, the XE 7, is essentially a closely-guarded secret, but these pictures of her running trials in Gareloch have now been released for publication prior to her departure for the United States.

SUBMERGING FOR TRIALS IN THE GARELOCH: The five-man submarine under test. Her spell of service with the United States Navy will follow the normal policy of co-operation and exchange of technical information between the Royal Navy and the U.S. Navy. British midget-submarine technique is generally acknowledged to be in advance of anything attempted by the navies of other world powers

THE CREW COMES UP FOR "A BREATHER": Lieutenant J. H. Wiles, R.N. (left foreground), with his Leading Electrician's Mate, the Engineroom Artificer, the Stoker Mechanic and his second-in-command, Lieutenant Fisk, R.N., on the XE 7

FLOATING ACADEMY OF BIG-GAME FISHING: This is a typical Gulf Stream "party boat." Such a boat rents for about £20 per day for four big-game fishermen, and instruction in the art of landing the big game of the sea is included in the price. There are scores of boats like this in service off the Carolina coast, where big-game fishing is fast becoming a major industry. Not always are the big-game fish sought, some parties preferring to go after smaller fry

SOME OF THE PARAPHERNALIA OF NORTH CAROLINA BIG-GAME FISHING: *Left*—This spoon, with spinner attached, is a gadget the fisherman, not to mention the fish, cannot resist. *Centre*—This is a double hook used for amberjack. It is sold by the hundred in tackle shops and other stores which cater for the big-game fisherman, always a free spender during his holiday visits to the coast. *Right*—The feather, a cleverly-designed lure for the dolphin

WHEN THE FISH ARE RELUCTANT TO BITE: To help bring them to the lure this "teaser" may be dropped overboard, often with speedy results, attracting curious dolphin, amberjack and barracuda which may be within range. *On right*—A "stern man," who accompanies most big "party boats" off the Carolina Coast, acting as guide, philosopher and friend to the fishermen, is seen baiting a hook. Whenever fishing is not too good he takes up the lures and tries a change of diet. Other duties for the "stern man" include mixing drinks and reassuring nervous ladies

BIG-GAME HUNTERS of CAPE HATTERAS

Maritime Sport Fishing is Becoming a Major Industry Off the Coast of North Carolina

Most people have heard of the big-game fishing exploits of the late Zane Grey, famed novelist of America's Wild West, who regularly visited the New Zealand fishing-grounds in quest of sport and adventure. The man who wrote *Tales of Swordfish and Tuna*, and other books about the big game of the deep, undoubtedly did much to popularise this sport, with its strong spice of danger. In California big-game fishing has also been established for some time, but now comes news that America's eastern seaboard is also bidding for supremacy in this sport, and indeed sees in it something of a major industry, a prime attraction for the landlubber.

Saltwater big-game fishing is perhaps one of the fastest growing sports in the United States. A recent preliminary survey in North Carolina among the little ports from Currituck, to Cape Hatteras, and down to Onslow Bay, indicates that the percentage of "inlanders" who come to the coast for big-game fishing is increasing strongly, not a few of them travelling hundreds of miles from the Middle West to enjoy the new sport. Perhaps they remember that Zane Grey himself was very much an "inlander" by birth, if not by inclination.

Already the business of catering for saltwater fishing and teaching the "sportsmen-to-be" is estimated to be worth about a quarter-of-a-million pounds or more annually in North Carolina. Boats operate out of twenty-nine ports, varying from small inshore craft, to well-equipped two-engined party boats.

But the "industry" is not confined to chartering of boats. It also involves the housing and feeding, and, last but not least, teaching of participants, not to mention the provisioning of the fishing-parties, the acquisition of gear and bait, for all of which there is a charge.

As an example of the economic importance of the business, the communities in south-eastern North Carolina last year promoted a fishing rodeo, and it was estimated that £50,000 was spent by sportsmen going after the £500 in prizes. This year, the same area will offer £3,750 in prizes for game-fish.

The State of North Carolina proposes further development of this marine resource by sponsoring deep-sea fishing explorations of present and potential offshore fishing-grounds and an overall marine resources laboratory and school to be established on the coast.

Already preliminary steps are being taken and Miss Francesca La Monte, noted American authority on big-game fish, and secretary of the International Game Fish Association, is preparing a report for inclusion in an all-over marine survey of the North Carolina coast.

Regarded by some as a rather frivolous sort of enterprise, the serving and teaching of sport-fishermen is being developed into a specialised vocation. The most conspicuous figure in the business is the "party boat" operator, of whom there are now some thousands in the United States. His mode of operation is becoming progressively more complicated, and to-day involves considerably more than leading his guests to a good fishing ground and showing him "in rough" the method of fishing. Many of his clients are novices going to sea for the first time, and the popular captain is often highly prized for his ability to make his guests comfortable and successful, and their outing interesting.

Larger party boats on the North Carolina coast also carry a mate who is the "stern man." Here, especially, is required tact, education, courtesy and unlimited patience. The ideal "stern man" knows how to reassure nervous ladies crossing a rough bar, how to spin yarns, expertly bait hooks, mix drinks, and console the seasick and the luckless.

Such a boat and such a crew will cost around £20 per day in North Carolina. This includes use of the rods, reels and lures, and the privilege of sleeping aboard the boat at night. That runs costs to from £2 to £5 apiece for the sportsmen. There are also smaller boats, manned by one sailor who does all the work, renting for from £5 to £9.

Sponsors of the move to expand the business on North Carolina's coast rely on the following factors to justify the programme: The possibility (voiced by several authorities) that there is a large breeding-place of big-game fish just off the North Carolina coast; the fact that Cape Hatteras is the joint meeting place of both northern and southern species of fish; and the fact that the Gulf Stream swings closer to the coast than it does to any other American State after leaving Florida.

HIGHLY PRIZED FOR ITS FIGHTING QUALITIES IS THE DOLPHIN : An angler playing a dolphin, one of the most numerous fish off the North Carolina coast. When first hooked the dolphin often makes spectacular leaps from the water and it takes a long time to tire

A 25-LB. AMBERJACK IS BROUGHT TO GAFF : The fish being jerked aboard the "party boat" after the angler has played it. While this kind of fishing requires little skill it certainly attracts the tyro to big-game fishing, and he always gets plenty of sunshine and usually a trophy into the bargain

AMATEURS NEED A LOT OF HELP AND TEACHING : Here a guide advises the tyro to loosen tension on a star drag reel before the fish breaks either the line or the rod. Successful guides and teachers strive to give their pupil clients a good time for their money, which is more important to general enjoyment than catching a boat-load of fish

A CONVERT TO BIG-GAME FISHING : Bill Clay of New York with a dolphin, his first ocean fish. Thousands of young men like Clay visit the Carolina ports, and they usually come away as converts to ocean fishing

LAST JOB OF THE HARD-WORKED "STERN MAN" : After his day at sea with the amateur fisherman he comes ashore with the catch

FROM LONDON TO STRONSAY

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

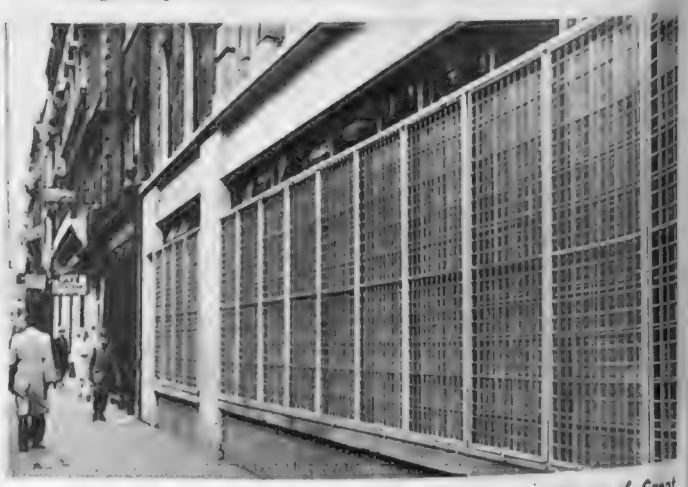
AN ALLOTMENT PLOT NEAR THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, WHICH IS INCLUDED IN ONE OF THE FOUR AREAS COVERING FOURTEEN ACRES OF HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS TO BE CLEARED AND OPENED TO THE PUBLIC AFTER TEN YEARS. Work has now begun on clearing up the four areas which were ploughed up for allotments during the war. The land was made over to the councils of Westminster and Paddington, and was in turn rented out to several hundred spare-time gardeners. There were four groups of allotments—two near the Albert Memorial, one opposite Knightsbridge Barracks, at the end of the football and cricket fields on the site of the original 1851 Exhibition ground, and the fourth in Kensington Gardens close to the Bayswater Road. All four plots were fenced in. The land has been derelict for several months, and as it will take some time to level the ground and re-sow the grass, it is unlikely that it will be open for general use until the end of the year

THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD PLANTS A TREE AT THE OPENING OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY FLOWER SHOW IN VALLEY GARDENS, HARROGATE: The Countess had some difficulty with the spade until the Earl of Harewood advised her to "put your foot on it, dear." The tree was of a kind thought to have been extinct for thousands of years, and was only rediscovered a few years ago in China. The seedling was carefully nurtured until the three-year-old tree was ready for planting

FAREWELL TO LARWOOD: Jack Hobbs, Harold Larwood and Herbert Sutcliffe had a last drink at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" before the Notts and England bowler sailed to Australia with his family. Harold Larwood was twenty-one when he first played for Nottingham in 1925. In 1926 he was top of the bowling averages and played in two Test Matches against Australia. He retired in 1933 with a damaged foot and took over a stationery and tobacco shop near Blackpool

THE BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION OF EUROPE DEFEATS THE CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN AT HARRINGAY: The referee declares Luis Romero, the Spanish southpaw, the winner in the 13th round of a hard fight. Danny O'Sullivan went down twice in the last round after three tremendous rounds in which both fighters were shaken. The fight was full of hard punching from beginning to end. In the first round, O'Sullivan went down for a count of eight and, in round seven, he went down twice. Each time he rose and came back with a tremendous effort. He made a great effort in the last three rounds, and the fight only came to an end after he had taken a final severe battering

LAYING THE FIRST RUBBERISED ASPHALT PAVING IN BRITAIN IN ACRE LANE, LAMBETH: The three stages in making the surface are shown above. The strip in the right foreground shows the rubberised asphalt after the first rolling; centre strip; pre-coated granite chippings are on the surface and await rolling; left strip; a finished section over which the roller has just passed. This first roadway of its type in Great Britain is based on a new discovery. The rubber used is in the form of a powder or grain, and is made direct from natural latex. Only a quarter per cent. of the total weight of the road is rubber. It has been estimated that, if the process were adopted in America, rubber exports could be doubled



BEHIND BARS: The headquarters of the Communist Party of Great Britain in Covent Garden takes no chances of broken windows. Concrete and steel with strong glass blocks replace the usual plate-glass. The entrance in King Street is covered with steel

THE NEW NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH AT MILL HILL, WHICH WAS INAUGURATED BY THE KING AND QUEEN YESTERDAY: **The outer shell of the building was completed in 1940, but the interior was converted to a training depot for the W.R.N.S. during the war.** The building, designed by Mr. Maxwell Ayrton, embodies the highest standards of design, construction and equipment. It occupies a part of the estate at Ridgeway, Mill Hill, where farm laboratories of the Medical Research Council are already housed. It is of brick construction, with a copper roof, and consists of a central block of seven storeys with two wings at each end set obliquely. It is already almost entirely equipped; and the staff has been transferred from Hampstead during the last few months. Work has now begun under the director, Sir Charles Harington

DEAD WHALES IN THE BAY OF HOLLAND: Ninety-seven were washed ashore on Stronsay, in the Orkneys, by an unusually high tide. When this picture was taken thirty were still alive and thrashing about, but they were weakening and soon afterwards all were dead. They are pilot whales and vary in length from 8 to 20 ft. The first to be stranded on the falling tide was a 20-ft. bull, which was also the first to die. The rest followed him as their leader to their death. Nearly all the 700 Stronsay islanders watched the scene, and some of the whales were killed to put an end to their sufferings. Captain Clements, Stronsay's harbour-master, said that even an appeal to the B.B.C. for a whaler or trawlers to come and collect them had failed. "There is a fortune lying out there," he said, "which, if left, may well bring disease to the island." Whale oil is worth £100 per ton. There is half-a-ton in each big whale. Later, an offer from a Bergen, Norway, whaling company to remove the carcasses was accepted by Orkney County Council

REVIVING THE ART OF LACE-MAKING: **Mrs. Goad, who instructs classes for the Surrey County Council, explains the technique to three young sisters of Sutton. She is doing valuable work in the towns and villages of Surrey**

BOBBINS: Mrs. Goad displays inscribed bobbins which she is using to make a lace pillow from a traditional Bedfordshire design. These bobbins are hundreds of years old and were collected from antique shops all over the country before she took up the work nearly two years ago. Mrs. H. B. Goad is one of the few teachers of lace-making in this country. Her ancestors at Podington, in Bedfordshire, made lace for generations

ANZAC DAY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY: *Left*—Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood represented the Old Comrades of the Australian Imperial Forces and laid a wreath at the Cenotaph after a service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Other wreaths were laid by Mr. E. J. Harrison, Australian Minister in London; and Major-General W. G. Stevens, acting High Commissioner for New Zealand. *Right*—The Rev. K. T. Toole-Mackson, Vicar of Harefield Parish Church, conducts the Anzac Day Service after a Chapel of Remembrance to the memory of Australian dead of the two Great Wars had been dedicated by the Bishop of London. In the 1914-18 war, there was an Australian hospital at Harefield Park, and those who died were buried in the cemetery of the little parish church. The commemoration plaque was unveiled by Lord Latham, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, and wreaths were laid by Lieut.-Colonel S. J. Hill, representing the Australian Army Staff; Mr. A. H. Greenham, honorary treasurer of the Chapel of Remembrance Appeal Fund; and the chairman of the Uxbridge U.D.C., Mr. G. A. Suter

COURTSHIP OF THE BIRDS

The Splendour of the Male's Plumage During his Courting Days

In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Then, we are told, the young man is prepared to dare almost anything—except in the matter of dress. There, for some reason, his courage fails him. At one time matters were quite otherwise. In medieval days he often eclipsed his fair partner in the vivid colours and extravagant cut of his dress.

How different it is with the birds! When courtship comes, the male is proclaimed for all to see. Even the relatively quietly coloured birds of Europe and North America leave no doubt as to which is the cock in search of a lady. In the tropics male finery reaches extravagant lengths. Plumes and other portions, such as combs, wattles or other ornaments become so large and vividly tinted that the output leaves the bird quite exhausted, and, as with the ducks, he afterwards goes into what is called an "eclipse" phase, when he is hardly distinguishable from his quietly-dressed mate.

Generally the urge to please the lady finds its chief outlet in fine feathers, vocal efforts, fantastic dances and even duels to the death. In the pictures on this page some bird fashions are shown to advantage. The cock ostrich develops vivid scarlet streaks on each leg, and the plumes are seen at their finest. When a lady appears the lover squats on his ankles, inflates his neck, which becomes a lurid red, twists wings and plumes over his back, and emits a lion-like roar. The seeming indifference of the female at such times is quite noticeable, but, as we all know, ladies often see far more than the mere male suspects. This apparent unconsciousness is evident in all hen birds when being courted. A near relative of the ostrich, the cassowary, indulges in a sort of "can-can"—kicking so high that the bird often falls upon his back.

The male great bustard distorts its wings, inflates the neck and then roars, whistles and hisses. Even more striking are the wing displays of the sun bittern and famous argus pheasant. But all these parades of egoism are eclipsed by the forty or more species of paradise-birds of the Australian region. Many stand upside-down upon their perches for minutes at a time, quivering as with ague, so that their scintillating colours are shown to the finest advantage. The ornaments of some species make the wildest imaginings of the futurist artist seem very tame indeed. Even the farmyard turkey-cock is transformed at such times.

Fine feathers, the products of countless centuries of selection, and survival of the fittest, in the long evolutionary process, have too often caused the birds' undoing. The birds of paradise have suffered at the hands of the plume-hunter, making capital out of the demands of human "fashion."; but the last few decades have seen a welcome tightening of the law.

One should not, of course, fall into the error of "humanising" the birds. Their displays are largely automatic. A peacock, lacking a hen, will "show off" to a piece of looking-glass or even a bright piece of metal, such as a tin drinking trough. But the wonder and beauty of the display is still real enough, and as such well worth preserving.

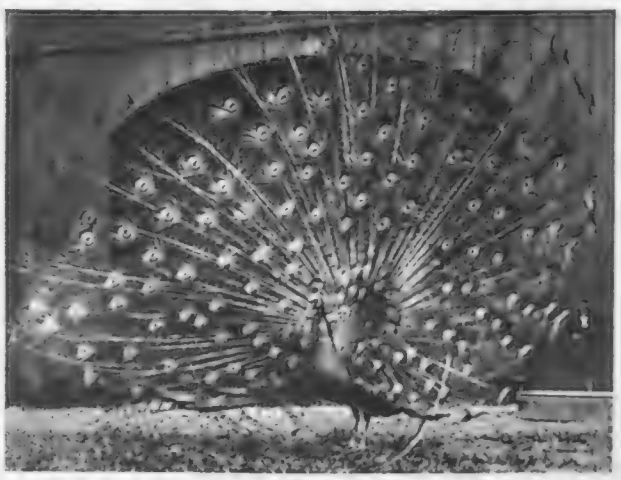
NOW ONLY A RARE VISITOR TO THESE ISLANDS: The great bustard, although common on the Continent, ceased to be a resident here during the last century. When in love the male is liable to make all kinds of noises. It is dressed in orange, gold and white, and is about as large as a turkey

THE ARGUS PHEASANT, CAPABLE OF RUNNING AT A HIGH SPEED: A near relative of the peacock and guinea fowls, it inhabits the Malay States. The spots on the wings do not stand cut as solid globes, they are designs "on the flat." When not in display the wings of the bird are pressed close to the sides

THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE: This bird has two remarkable plumes, suggesting a shower of golden rain. They sprout on either side from the "arm-pits"

HE DOES HIS COURTING HANGING UP-SIDE DOWN! In this state the Prince Rudolph bird of paradise causes his feathers to become more colourful than ever

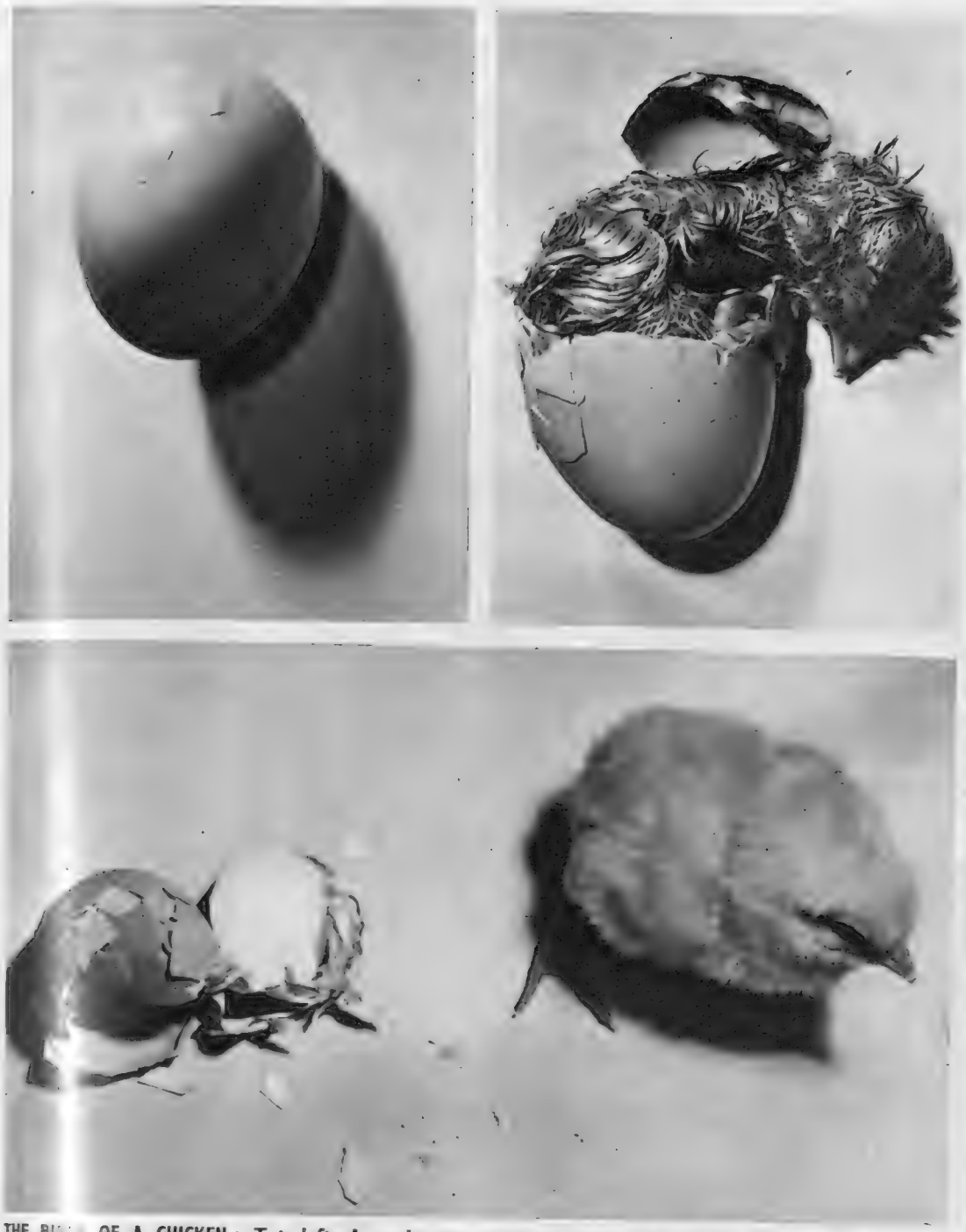
THE TURKEY GOBBLER IN LOVE: The loud bubbling and the drumming of the stiffly spread wings indicates the matrimonial state of the North American turkey



WHEN A MALE GOES A-COURTING: The peacock (*left*) and the sun bittern of South America both produce fine arrays of feathers, the like of which few ladies can ignore. The true tail of the peacock, which supports the train, is no larger than the turkey's. The sun bittern (a kind of heron) has colours of fiery red, brown, gold and orange

THE LARGEST LIVING BIRD—THE COCK OSTRICH MAKES HIS NOISY BOW TO A LADY: The front of his legs and neck become a fiery red and for the moment the latter is turned into a blaring trombone. Then, in the picture *on right*, still roaring, he squats upon the ground while the lady appears to remain quite indifferent to his advances. The ears of the female ostrich are placed well at the back of her head, and they are large enough to permit the insertion of one's finger-tip

ANIMAL ATTITUDES



THE BIRTH OF A CHICKEN : *Top left*—A crack appears on the surface of the egg as the chick makes its first assault after twenty-one days of incubation. *Top right*—Six hours later, the bedraggled chick emerges. After a short rest, he will appear as in the picture immediately above—still a little unsteady on his feet, but clean and fluffy. These pictures were taken at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, where a glass-enclosed incubator permits members of the public to watch the hatching

A COW WITH A WINDOW : Scientists of Wisconsin University, Madison, have inserted plastic windows in the sides of five cows. The windows contain threaded caps which are easily removed to take samples of the cows' food in various stages of digestion. A delicate operation is necessary to insert the windows

ON THEIR TAILS : This unusual photographic study of a rat fight shows two rodents bristling as they leap at the throat of their opponent, giving the false impression that they are standing on their tails. The fight lasted less than half-a-minute, by which time one had killed the other. The picture is taken from a film which has been produced for the United States Health Department

A NEW ARRIVAL IN ILFORD : Miss R. V. Burkhart, a sanatorium assistant at the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals at Ilford, with the baby foal when it was only five days old. It has been named "Social" because it was born during a P.D.S.A. social evening

NEW ARRIVALS IN VINCENNES : These three baby bears were allowed out with their keepers in the early sunshine at the Vincennes Zoo, in Paris, last month. The bears were three months old when the photograph was taken

CUTTING DOWN A YOUNG FOREST OF SILVER BIRCH TO BRING THE LAND BACK TO CULTIVATION: *Left and right*—Work in progress at Orstone Farm, Ham Street, near Ashford, Kent, in the midst of the Romney Marshes, where the property has become densely covered with young trees and has been overrun with rabbits since the Army took over during the war years. The 34-acre farm is now being reclaimed by Alan and Nigel Bullock, the two sons of Mr. S. E. Bullock, the owner of Orstone, who has decided that the young men should learn farming the hard way, the pioneering way, as do so many thousands of farmers in the Dominions. The first task has been to plough out the silver birch thickets, and the first crop that will be sown is linseed—to cheat the rabbits which infest Orstone and to clear the ground. Eventually the Bullocks are hoping to grow market-garden crops at Orstone

THE KENTISH PIONEERS

Reclaiming Romney Marshland for Agriculture

ALAN BULLOCK SURVEYS SOME OF THE LAND WHICH HAS BEEN RECLAIMED FROM ROMNEY MARSH: It has been tough work and has cost about £20 an acre, but the experience has been well worth while and eventually it may prove highly profitable

PLOUGHING OUT THE SAPLINGS IS A TRICKY UNDERTAKING: Ivan Beaumont, thirty-four-year-old farm manager, at work with a tractor in one of the silver birch plantations at Orstone. A guard would have been an advantage, as the saplings after being trampled whipped back like springs

THIS AREA HAS BEEN CLEARED BY THREE MEN WITH THE HELP OF A TRACTOR SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR: The reclaimed land in the distance has already been sown with linseed. The land in the foreground is being dealt with by the cultivator

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NEWS

DISCOVERIES IN SCOTLAND, AMERICA, EGYPT AND IRAQ

UNEARTHING A 30-FT. IRON AGE HUT CIRCLE ON ARNBATHY MOOR, NEAR SCONE, IN PERTHSHIRE: Thirty volunteers are working in relays at week-ends and in the evenings under the direction of Mrs. J. A. Stewart, chairman of the Perthshire Society of Natural Science Archæological Section. There are few signs of the Iron Age, dating back to 500 B.C., remaining in Scotland, but Mrs. Stewart is hopeful of making interesting discoveries at the Arnbathy Moor Site

A DISCOVERY IN PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON, D.C.: The two large bones are believed to be the tusk and shoulder-blade of a præhistoric mastodon. Jack Runoa who is seen with his find, came across it when he was digging an irrigation ditch. A complete skeleton of a mastodon was found in the same area about fifty years ago, and is now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington

IMPORTANT NEW FINDS IN EGYPT: Some of the gold jewels and ornaments which were buried with Queen Takhout, whose 2,500-year-old mummy was discovered near Atrib village, north of Cairo, in the middle of last month. The discovery of the white quartzite sarcophagus, bearing the cartouche of the queen, the wife of Pharaoh Psametic II, of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, was made accidentally when it was struck by a peasant's plough. In the above picture is, top centre, the gold mask which covered the reproduction of the Queen's face, carved on the wooden coffin in which the mummy was found. Either side of the mask may be seen two golden sandals, which were also found in the coffin. In the centre is a ribbon-like gold necklace to which were attached the several gold amulets, seen in the lower section of the picture. Inside the necklace is a golden diadem which was on Queen Takhout's head. The other objects in the picture are scarabs, gold rings and pieces of gold which covered the mummy's fingers and toes

MATHEMATICS IN ANCIENT BABYLON: This 4,000-year-old clay tablet was discovered, together with several others, at the end of last year at Tel Harmal, south of Bagdad. Taha Baqir, Curator of the Iraqi Museum in Bagdad, says that it provides evidence that a Babylonian discovered one of the basic theories of geometry some 1,700 years before Euclid

A 2,500-YEAR-OLD ASSYRIAN BURIAL URN: It was discovered about 100 miles south of Bagdad, on the site of the temple of the God Enlil at Nippur

On right—A 4,000-year-old temple at Nippur, Iraq. A view of the excavations at the house of the god Enlil, where the joint archæological expeditions of the University of Chicago and the University of Pennsylvania Museum have uncovered treasures, some of which date back to over 2,000 B.C.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NOVELS IN VARIED ASSORTMENT

Some Promising New Material, Headed by A. L. Barker's "Apology for a Hero"

MISS A. L. BARKER is a relatively new and a definitely talented author, as the recent winning of the Somerset Maugham Award would prove. After one book of short stories, she has now written her first novel, APOLOGY FOR A HERO (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.), and it is well worth noting. In style, there is still something too conscious about Miss Barker's writing; it is thoughtful, and sometimes exquisite, but the thought is too close to the surface, and the reader occasionally has the uneasy feeling that the writer has been up all night labouring over some passage, and the least he can do is to appreciate it. Naturally, this elaboration is the enemy of spontaneity, or apparent spontaneity, as the donor of the award knows better than any writer, but it is not a lethal fault and will probably fade with successive novels and stories. The plot of the present one is admirable, a tragi-comedy of manners and mistakes, with a violent but inevitable ending that is perfectly in key with the way in which the characters have been developed. Above all, this is a book out of the ordinary run, whether it irritates or delights you, and, equally, this is a writer to watch.

It is easy to understand why THE MUDLARK (W. H. Allen. 9s. 6d.) is even now being filmed in London, for it is a story with obvious dramatic—and filmic—possibilities. It just happens that it was left to an American, Mr. Theodore Bonnet, to write it, and to an American film company to make a picture of it. That is the kind of odd chance which nowadays hardly provokes discussion, but it is interesting, for this is a purely English tale. The mudlark is a little boy from the Thames-side near the Pool of London, and when he is no more than seven he journeys down to Windsor and not only gets into the Castle but into the Royal dining-room itself, where Queen Victoria is sitting with Disraeli, and with John Brown in attendance. After that adventure, his life is changed, as well it might be, and it takes a moving and, as reported, overlong speech from Disraeli to resolve his case. An entertaining story, though written with more verve than care.

The hero of Miss Mary Anne Gibbs's novel is a young man with, in the now classic phrase, "*des idées audessus de sa gare.*" It is the year 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition and the opening of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and he is a footman to an amiable country family who have come to stay with relations in London. It is not his place to fall in love with one of the daughters of the family, of course, nor to snub their rich aunt, nor to keep his private journal in French, but he does all these things without any notable catastrophe, and manages to be quite human in the process. A YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is a pleasant, lighthearted story, and I would be interested to know what author's identity this pen-name conceals.

Mr. Charles Yale Harrison's novel seems to be dedicated to the proposition that there is a great deal of difference between public relations and ordinary space-grabbing publicity. His hero is a public-relations man in a city where the difference is noted and accepted—New York. And his hero's activities are not limited by the amount of publicity that a good firm can give an actress or a night-club singer, but on the contrary are generally directed towards giving the Great American Public the correct view of a client who might be a business tycoon, a politician or—a more complex assignment—a whole corporation. NOBODY'S FOOL (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a fascinating record of this new profession of psychological boosters. It is funny and tough and honest, and in a few hours' reading it does the work of what might be months of painstaking research—if one really wanted to know the secrets of the public relations business.

THE ALABASTER CUP (Evans. 8s. 6d.) is welcome because it is a novel by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, who writes all too seldom, and also because it is a sensitive and touching little story in itself. It is the tale of a friendship between a girl and the old woman (who looked rather like a little Queen Victoria), and who represented security and peace and fun to a child whose life was torn into pieces between a neurotic mother and an unpredictable, evasive father. Although the book is short, and the theme slight, there is both dignity and pathos in it, and art in its telling.

TWENTY YEARS A NEWSPAPER CHAIRMAN: Lord Layton, who resigns from the chairmanship of the Board of the *News Chronicle* in order to devote himself more fully to public duties. From 1922 to 1938 he was Editor of *The Economist*. During the war he was Director-General of Programmes at the Ministry of Supply

POOR MAN'S ORANGE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a challenging, strong, sometimes ugly and sometimes beautiful novel about a slum area in Sydney, by Miss Ruth Park, to whose work I recommend you, if you have not already discovered her first novel, *The Harp in the South*. In the present book the setting is again Surry Hills, as repellent a neighbourhood as I have ever met in fact or fiction, and described with a pin-point precision by Miss Park, who has the eye of a true reporter and the inspiration of a true novelist. The place is horrible, and so are many of its inhabitants, but they are all human and credible, as natural and inevitable in their ways as their more hygienic neighbours, and as the handful of characters who represent the warm humanity of the book.

THE FOX SISTERS (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is Miss Magdalen King-Hall's new novel, dealing with the exploits of two strange women who lived in America in the last century. When they were quite young the farmhouse that was their home in New York State was the scene of strange and inexplicable rappings and other sounds; inexplicable, that is, unless they were caused by the girls, or transmitted by them. It was not long before they were established as mediums with a big following and a bigger reputation, but it was more than forty years before they confessed their imposture, and by that time they were both hopeless drunkards. Both had been of attractive appearance, and Maggie, the prettier, was said to be the common law wife of Elisha Kane, an Arctic explorer of the time. Their story is an extraordinary one, and I recommend to you Miss King-Hall's first-rate reconstruction of it.

A MORNING AT THE OFFICE (Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.) has real originality, both in its setting and its writing. Mr. Edgar Mittelholzer has chosen Port of Spain, Trinidad, for his story's scene, but, that done, has avoided every implication of romanticism or the exotic. Both time and space are exactly and carefully defined, for the novel tells only of five hours in an office where fourteen people, white and coloured, are employed, and where their jealousies, ambitions and loves still have opportunity to flower and grow side by side with their work. The author necessarily adopts an episodic style, but in these circumstances it is enormously effective.

For a long time only those who have travelled to Edinburgh or to New York had an opportunity of seeing Mr. T. S. Eliot's play THE COCKTAIL PARTY (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), but now it is opening in London. We can all read, too, the published version of the play, which is, at the present time, the biggest success on Broadway, its intellectual brilliance competing with the only runner-up, that great musical, *South Pacific*.

FACING SOUTH (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.) is a family novel in one of the worst senses, because it shows a large family and its husbands and wives behaving very much as a large family does. That hardly idyllic, but it may be realistic. It is a pity that Winifred Peck's version is also a little dull

MONK'S REACH (Evans. 10s. 6d.) was the last book to be translated by the late Eric Sutton and, as ever, he made a fine and sensitive thing of his rendering. The author, Germaine Guevremont, is a French-Canadian, and her story is of her own country and a remote farm there in the peaceful days before the First World War. The story has been written in a solemn and poetic mood which is sometimes a little trying, but it gives what seems to be an authentic picture of a strange kind of rural life

Mr. Harry Levin has been a foreign correspondent, and is now Israeli Chargé d'Affaires to Australia and New Zealand. In 1948 he was in Jerusalem when it was in a state of siege and he has written a diary covering the period from March 25 to July 18 of that year. JERUSALEM EMBATTLED (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is therefore a first-hand account from what was virtually a front-line position, for Mr. Levin, who is a South African by birth, lived there with his Czech wife during the months of siege, when about 100,000 Jews in the city found themselves sealed off from the rest of the world, without fuel or electricity, with diminishing food supplies and with the fighting growing daily more intense. Palestine will always be the most controversial of questions, and Mr. Levin's book does little to alter that situation, but if you want to know how the Haganah organisation worked at that time, you may care to read it here, for the author was in charge of their Jerusalem broadcasting service.

THE PARIS OF LEONARD MERRICK

An English Novelist who Knew and Loved the Boulevards

Leonard Merrick, who was born in the midst of the Victorian era, who enjoyed a considerable vogue in Edwardian days, and who died at the age of seventy-five as the world was about to be plunged into the Second Great War, stands the test of time well enough, although for some reason he has not been given the honour of inclusion in the latest edition of the *Dictionary of National Biography* covering the years up to 1940. This English-born novelist with the light and airy touch, his sense of atmosphere, and his penchant for delicate irony, was most at home in the Parisian world of art, the theatre and letters, and it was the people of that world he brought to life in his short stories of the boulevards. Most of those stories read as well to-day as ever they did, and THE LEONARD MERRICK OMNIBUS (Cassell. 15s.), introduced by his daughter Leslie Merrick has all the verve and imparts the pleasure of a Paris spring-time. Sir James Barrie called Merrick "the novelist's novelist," whatever that may mean exactly, and perhaps it does express in a measure Merrick's technical skill which his fellow-writers in his own day appreciated to the full. He always had a good tale to tell, and he told it with aplomb and economy; and if he did not quite reach the heights of the storyteller's art, he could convey passion and pathos—above all, a sense of atmosphere. Floromond and Frisonnette might have stepped from the pages of Murger, so faithfully do they belong to the Parisian scene, and "The Pot of Pansies," with its neatest of Maupassant twists, and "The Statue," which was inspired by the Maupassant sculpture in the Parc de Monceau, are not to be missed in this charming anthology of near genius.

Professor E. N. Da C. Andrade, the distinguished British scientist, who has achieved a reputation as one of the great popularisers of the results of scientific research, and whose voice is familiar to millions by his association with the B.B.C. Brains Trust, contributes the latest of the "personal portraits" written by distinguished contemporary authors, each writer choosing the person whose life has most deeply influenced him. Professor Andrade chooses ISAAC NEWTON (Max Parrish. 6s.), whom he describes as "one of the most baffling figures in the history of human thought." There were four fields in which he busied himself—science, theology, alchemy and the public service—and it appears that he gave as much time to one as to the other; but it is by his prodigious work in the realms of science alone that his name lives. Even so, says Professor Andrade, there were forty years or more—after the writing of *Principia*—when, although Newton retained his powers, he did little in science. Sometimes, indeed, he had a positive distaste for it, while the urge to communicate his discoveries, so strong in most great men of science, was in him weak or, some say, non-existent.

Lord David Cecil, in his introduction to "FIRST LOVE" and "RUDIN," two of Turgenev's great novels, which are now published together in The Novel Library (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.), describes *First Love* as "surely one of the few perfect achievements in fiction." This story of the beautiful Zinaida, of a boy of sixteen who falls desperately in love with her, with the background of a summer garden and a domestic atmosphere of shabby shadiness, presents a picture of life as truthful as Jane Austen's and has that rare lyrical quality which runs through all the pages of Turgenev. Emily Brontë's WUTHERING HEIGHTS (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.) is also republished in The Novel Library. Alan Hodge, in his notes, refers to the complicated chronology of Emily's masterpiece, which roves forward and back over forty-five years. Yet at no point in this unfolding of suspense, he asserts, does the author lose her way in her tally of dates and ages. Likewise exact are the legal details lying behind the history of how Heathcliff acquired both the Wuthering and Thrushcross estates. The visionary genius of Haworth indeed had a strong strain of practicality. Two other reprints, in "The Mermaid" Series dealing with the great seventeenth-century dramatists, are BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, VOLUME II, and JOHN DRYDEN, VOLUME II. Both are published by Benns at 8s. 6d.

Colonel P. T. Etherton, writer and world traveller, is the author and part-author of two books which come up for notice this week. TEMPESTUOUS ISLE (Lutterworth Press. 12s. 6d.), which he has written in conjunction with Vernon Barlow, is the story of Lundy, described as "a pocket domain of romance and diversity." This home of the Maricos the twelfth-century knights who were in perpetual rebellion against the Crown, and a headquarters of piracy and smuggling from the days of Elizabeth to the Georges, provides enthralling material, and the authors certainly make the most of it. Colonel Etherton's HAUNTS OF HIGH ADVENTURE (John Long. 18s.) is an account of a recent visit to Venezuela, Panama, Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba and the West Indies. The style is conventional, but the author has many good tales to tell, and some superb photographs adorn the text.

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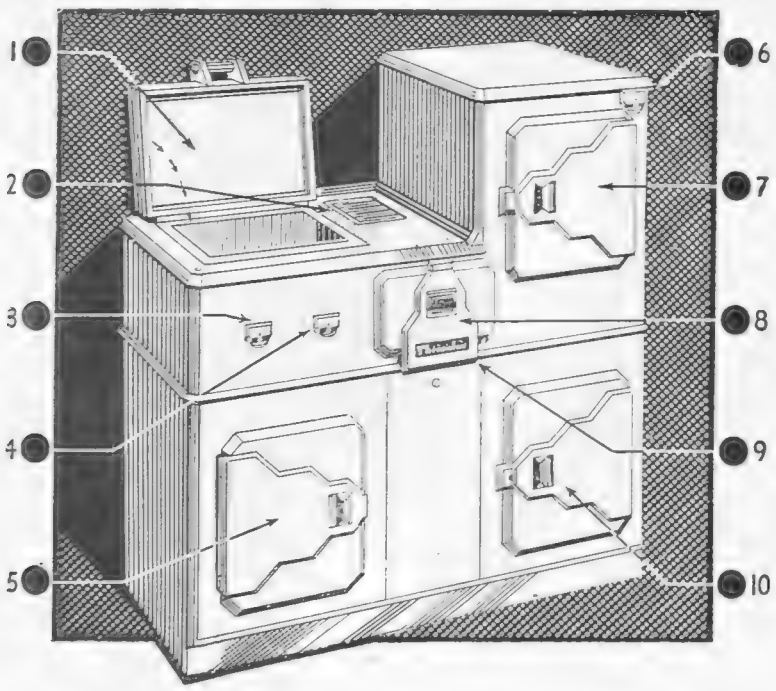

1, Rapid Boiling Hot-plate. 2, Simmer-plate. 3, Simmer-plate Control Dial. 4, Electronic Control Dial for Aux. Oven and Grill. 5, Cupboard space or 200 deg. F. Oven. 6, Control Dial for Main Oven. 7, Main Roasting and Baking Oven, 300 to 500 deg. F. 8, Auxiliary Oven, 150 to 300 deg. F. 9, Radiant Grill. 10, Cupboard space or 150 deg. F. Oven.

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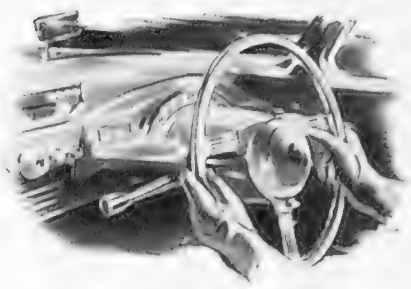

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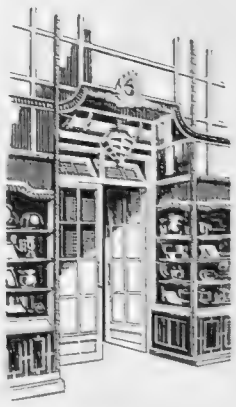

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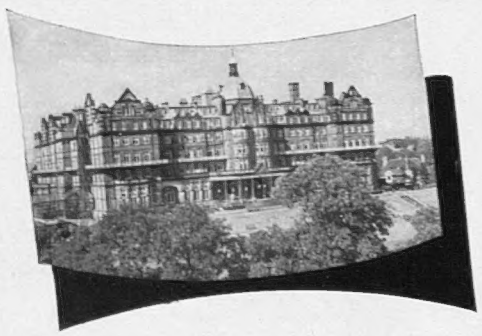

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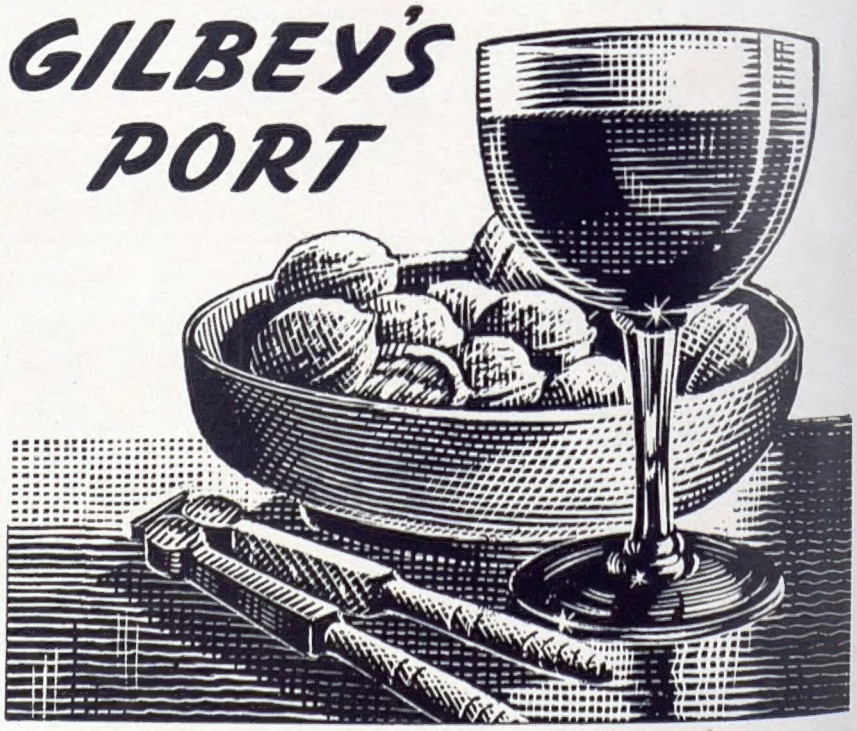

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